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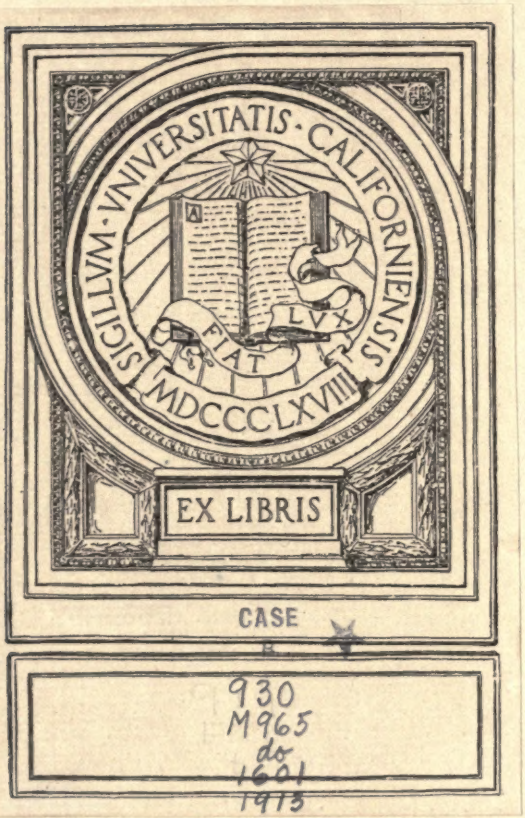


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# The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

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*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

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[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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UNIV. OF
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# The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

*This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).*

*What is known of Munday is set out in the "D.N.B.," but the bibliography of the subject of that memoir is not always accurate.*

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*JOHN S. FARMER.*

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# THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT, Earle of Huntington,

*AFTERWARD CALLED* Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: *with his loue to chaſte Matilda, the* Lord *Fitzwaters* daughter, afterwardes *his faire Maide Marian.*

*Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of* Notingham, Lord high Admirall of *England, his ſeruants.*

¶ Imprinted at London, for *William Leake*, 1601.

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# THE DOWN-FALL of *Robert*, Earle of *Huntington*.

* *
*

¶ Enter sir *Iohn Eltam*, and knocke at *Skeltons* doore, *Sir Iohn*.

HOwe, maister Skelton? what, at studie hard?
Opens the doore.
Skelt. Welcome, and wisht for, honest sir Iohn Eltam. I haue sent twice, & either time he mist, that went to seeke you.
Elt. So full well hee might.
These two howers it pleas'd his Maiesty
To vse my seruice in suruaying Mappes,
Sent ouer from the good king Ferdinand,
That to the Indies, at Sebastians sute,
Hath lately sent a Spanish Colonie.
Sk. Then twill trouble you, after your great affairs,
To take the paine that I intended to intreat you to,
About rehearsall of your promis'd play.
Elt. Nay master Skelton: for the king himselfe,
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day, therefore I pray
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehearse.
Skel. O they are readie all, and drest to play.
What part play you?
Elt. Why? I play little Iohn,
And came of purpose with this greene sute.

Skel. Holla my maſters, little Iohn is come.

¶ At euery doore all the Players runne out, ſome crying where? where? others welcome ſir *Iohn*, among other the boyes and Clowne.

Skel. Faith little Tracy you are ſomewhat forward:
What, our Maid Marian leaping like a lad?
If you remember, Robin is your loue:
Sir Thomas mantle yonder, not ſir Iohn.
Clow. But maſter, ſir Iohn is my fellowe, for I am
Much, the Millers ſonne. Am I not?
Sk. I know yee are ſir:
And gentlemen, ſince you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bring your dumbe ſcene on the ſtage,
And I, as Prologue, purpoſe to expreſſe
The ground whereon our hiſtorie is laied.

Exeunt, manet *Skelton*.

Trumpets ſounde, enter firſt king *Richard* with drum and Auncient, giuing *Ely* a purſe and ſcepter, his mother, and brother *Iohn*, *Cheſter*, *Leſter*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment doing reuerence. The king goes in: preſently *Ely* aſcends the chaire, *Cheſter*, *Iohn*, and the Queene part diſpleaſantly. Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, followes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the Prior, *Warman* euer flattering and making curtſie, taking gifts of the Prior behinde, and his maſter before. Prince *Iohn* enters, offereth to take *Marian*. Queene *Elinor* enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her; but they infolde each other, and ſit downe within the curteines; *Warman* with the Prior, ſir *Hugh Lacy*, Lord *Sentloe*, & ſir *Gilbert Broghton* folde hands, and drawing the curteins, all (but the Prior) enter, and are kindely receiued by *Robin Hoode*. The curteins are againe ſhut.
Sk. Sir Iohn, once more, bid your dumbe ſhewes come in;

That as they paſſe I may explane them all.

¶ Enter king *Richard* with drumme and Enſigne, giuing *Ely* a purſe, and ſcepter, his mother and brother *Iohn*, *Cheſter*, *Leſter*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment, doing reuerence. The king goes in.

Richard calde Cor de Lyon takes his leaue,
Like the Lords Champion gainſt the Pagan foes,
That ſpoyle Iudea, and rich Paleſtine.
The rule of England and his princely ſeate,
He leaues with Ely, then Lord Chancellor:
To whom the mother Queene, her ſonne, prince Iohn,
Cheſter, and all the Peers are ſworne,
*Exit Richard* cum militibus.

¶ *Ely* aſcends the chaire, *Cheſter*, *Iohn* and the Queene part diſpleaſantly.

Now reuerend, Ely like the deputie
Of Gods greate deputie aſcends the throne:
Which the Queene mother, and ambitious Iohn
Repining at, rais'd many mutinies:
And how they ended you anone ſhall heare.
*Exeunt omnes.*

¶ Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, ſollowes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the Prior, *Warman* euer flattering, and making curtſie, taking giftes of the Prior behinde, and his maſter before. Prince *Iohn* enters, offereth to take *Marian*, Queene *Elinor* enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her; but they infolde each other, and ſit downe within the curteins,

This youth that leads you virgin by the hand
(As doth the Sunne, the morning richly clad)
Is your Earle Robert, or your Robin Hoode,
That in thoſe daies, was Earle of Huntington.

The ill fac't miſer, bryb'd in either hand,
Is Warman, once the Steward of his houſe,
Who Iudas like betraies his liberall Lord,
Into the hands of that relentleſſe Pryor,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, vncle to Huntington:
Thoſe two that ſeeke to part theſe louely friends,
Are Elenor the Queene, and Iohn the Prince,
She loues earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vainely: for their deare affect is ſuch,
As only death can ſunder their true loues.
Long had they lou'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they muſt be troth-plight, after wed,
At Huntingtons faire houſe a feaſt is held;
But enuie turnes it to a houſe of teares.
For thoſe falſe gueſtes, conſpiring with the Pryor,
To whome earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Meane at the banquet to betray the Earle,
Vnto a heauie writ of outlawry.
The manner and eſcape you all ſhall ſee.

Elt. Which all, good Skelton?

Skel. Why all theſe lookers on:
Whom if wee pleaſe, the king will ſure be pleaſ'd.
Looke to your entrance, get you in ſir Iohn. Exit ſir Iohn.
My ſhift is long, for I play Frier Tucke:
Wherein if Skelton haue but any lucke
Heele thanke his hearers oft, with many a ducke.
For many talk of Robin Hood y neuer ſhot in his bowe,
But Skelton writes of Robin Hood what he doth truly (knowe.
Therefore I pray yee,
Contentedly ſtay yee,
And take no offending,
But ſit to the ending.
Likewiſe I deſire,
Yea would not admire
My rime ſo I ſhift.

For

For this is my drift,
So mought I well thriue,
To make yee all blithe:
But if ye once frowne,
Poore Skelton goes downe,
His labour and coſt,
He thinketh all loſt,
In tumbling of bookes
Of Mary goe lookes.
The Sheriffe with ſtaues,
With catchpoles and knaues,
Are comming, I ſee,
High time tis for mee
To leaue off my babble
And fond ribble rabble.
Therefore with this curtſie
A while I will leaue yee.

¶ Enter, as it were in haſte, the Prior of *Yorke*, the Sheriffe, Iuſtice *Warman*, Steward to *Robin Hoode*.

Pri. Here maſter Warman, theres a hundred crowns,
For your good will and furtherance in this.
War. I thanke you my Lord Prior, I muſt away
To ſhunne ſuſpicion, but be reſolute,
And wee will take him, haue no doubt of it.
Pri. But is Lord Sentloe and the other come? (tom
War. Lord Sentloe, ſir Hugh Lacie, & ſir Gilbert Brogh.
Are there, and as they promiſt you laſt night,
Will helpe to take him, when the Sheriffe comes.
Pri. A while farewell, and thankes to them & you.
Come maſter Sheriffe, the outlawry is proclam'd,
Sende therefore quickly for more companie,
And at the backe gate wee will enter in.
Sher. Wee ſhall haue much adoe I am afraide.
Pri. No, they are very merry at a feaſt,

A feaſt, where Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy,
Is troth-plighted to wakefull Huntington.
And at the feaſt, are my eſpeciall friends,
Whom hee ſuſpectes not: come weele haue him, man,
And for your paines, here is a hundred markes. Exeunt.
Sher. I thanke your Lordſhippe, weele be diligent.

¶ Enter *Robin Hoode*, *little Iohn* following him; the one earle of *Huntington*, the other his ſeruant, *Robin* hauing his napkin on his ſhoulder, as if hee were ſodainly raiſed from dinner.

Robin. As I am outlawed from my fame and ſtate,
Be this day outlawed from the name of daies:
Day luckleſſe, outlawe lawleſſe, both accurſt,
Flings away his napkin, hat, and ſitteth downe.
Iohn. Doe not forget your honourable ſtate,
Nor the true nobleſſe of your worthy houſe.
Rob. Doe not perſwade mee: vaine as vanitie
Are all thy comforts, I am comfortleſſe.
Iohn. Heare mee my Lord.
Rob. What ſhall I heare thee ſay?
Alreadie haſt thou ſaide too much to heare.
Alreadie haſt thou ſtabd mee with thy tongue,
And the wide wound with words will not be cloſ'd.
Am I not outlawed, by the Prior of Worke,
Proclaim'd in Court, in citie, and in towne,
A lawleſſe perſon? this thy tongue reports:
And therefore ſeeke not to make ſmooth my griefe:
For the rough ſtorme, thy windie words hath raiſ'd,
Will not be calm'd, till I in graue be laied.
Iohn. Haue patience yet.
Rob. Yea, now indeede thou ſpeakeſt.
Patience hath power to beare a greater croſſe
Then honours ſpoyle, or any earthly loſſe.
Iohn. Doe ſo my Lord.

Rob

Rob. I, now I would beginne:
But ſee, another Scene of griefe comes in.

Enter Marian.

Mar. Why is my Lord ſo ſad? wherefore ſo ſoone,
So ſodainely aroſe yee from the boorde?
Alas my Robin, what diſtempering griefe
Drinkes vp the roſeat colour of thy cheekes?
Why art thou ſilent? anſwere mee my loue.

Rob. Let him, let him, let him make thee as ſad.
Hee hath a tongue can baniſh thee from ioy,
And chaſe thy crimſon colour from thy cheekes.
Why ſpeakeſt thou not? I pray thee little Iohn,
Let the ſhort ſtory of my long diſtreſſe
Be vttered in a word. What meanſt thou to protract?
Wilt thou not ſpeake? then Marian liſt to mee.
This day thou wert a maide, and now a ſpouſe,
Anone (poore ſoule) a widdowe thou muſt bee:
Thy Robin is an outlawe, Marian,
His goods and landes muſt be extended on,
Himſelfe exilde from thee, thou kept from him,

She ſinkes in his armes.

By the long diſtance of vnnumbred miles:
Faintſt thou at this? ſpeake to mee Marian,
My olde loue newely met, parte not ſo ſoone,
Wee haue a little time to tarry yet.

Mar. If but a little time, let mee not ſtay,
Part wee to day, then will I dye to day.

Iohn. For ſhame my Lord, with courage of a man,
Bridle this ouer-greeuing paſſion,
Or elſe diſſemble it, to comfort her.

Rob. I like thy counſell. Marian, cleare theſe clouds,
And with the ſunny beames of thy bright eyes,
Drinke vp theſe miſtes of ſorrowe that ariſe.

Mar. How can I ioy, when thou art baniſhed?

Rob. I tell thee loue, my griefe is counterfaite;

And I abruptly from the table roſe,
The banquet being almoſt at an ende,
Onely to driue confuſed and ſad thoughts
Into the mindes of the inuited gueſtes.
For, gentle loue, at greate or nuptiall feaſtes,
With Comicke ſportes, or Tragicke ſtately plaies,
Wee vſe to recreate the feaſted gueſtes,
Which I am ſure our kinſfolke doe expect.
Mar. Of this what then: this ſeemes of no effect.
Rob. Why thus of this, as little Iohn can tell,
I had beſpoken quaint Comedians:
But greate Iohn, Iohn the Prince, my Lieges brother,
My riuall, Marian, he that croſt our loue,
Hath croſt mee in this ieſt, and at the Court,
Imployes the Players, ſhould haue made vs ſport;
This was the tydings brought by little Iohn,
That firſt diſturbd mee, and begot this thought
Of ſodaine eyling, which by this I know
Hath with amazement, troubled all our gueſtes:
Goe in, good loue, thou as the Chorus ſhalt,
Expreſſe the meaning of my ſilent griefe,
Which is no more but this; I only meane
(The more to honour our right noble friends)
My ſelfe in perſon, to preſent ſome Sceanes
Of tragick matter, or perchance of mirth,
Euen ſuch as firſt ſhall iumpe with my conceipt.
Mar. May I be bolde thou haſt the worſt expreſt:
Iohn. Faire miſtreſſe, all is true my Lord hath ſaid.
Rob. It is, it is.
Mar. Speake not ſo hollow then,
So ſigh, and ſadly ſpeake true ſorrowing men.
Rob. Beleeue mee loue, beleeue mee (I beſeech)
My firſt Scene tragick is, therefore tragicke ſpeech,
And accents fitting wofull action, I ſtriue to get:
I pray thee ſweete goe in, and with thy ſight,

An-

Appeale the many doubts that may arise.
That done, be thou their vsher, bring them to this place,
And thou shalt see mee with a loftie verse,
Bewitch the hearers eares, and tempt their eyes
To gaze vpon the action that I vse.
Mar. If it be but a play, Ile play my part:
But sure some earnest griefe affrights my heart.
Iohn. Let mee intreate yee Madam not to feare,
For by the honestie of little Iohn,
Its but a tragicke Scene we haue in hand,
Only to fit the humour of the Queene,
Who is the chiefest at your troth-plight feast.
Mar. Then will I fetch her Highnesse and the rest.
Rob. I, that same iealous Queene, whose doting age
Ennies the choyce of my faire Marian,
She hath a hande in this.
Iohn. Well, what of that?
Now must your honour leaue these mourning tunes,
And thus by my areede you shall prouide;
Your Plate and Iewels Ile straight packe vp,
And toward Notingham conuey them hence,
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield:
Of all your cattell, mony shall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming,
Where weele determine, which waie's best to take.
Rob. Well be it so, a Gods name let it be:
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.
Iohn. Else care will kill her, therefore if you please,
At th'vtmost corner of the garden wall,
Soone in the euening waite for Marian,
And as I goe Ile tell her of the place,
Your horses at the Bell shall readie bee,
I meane Bellsauage, whence as citizens
That meant to ride for pleasure some small way,
You shall set forth.

Rob. Best as thou dost say.
Farewell a while.
In spight of griefe, thy loue compels mee smile:
But now our audience comes, wee must looke sad.
Exit Iohn.

¶ Enter Queene *Elinor*, *Marian*, *Sentloe*, *Lacie*, *Broghton*, *VVarman*, *Robins* steward. As they meete, *Iohn* whispers with *Marian*.

Que. How now my Lord of Huntington?
The mistresse of your loue, faire Marian,
Tels vs your sodaine rising from the banquet,
Was but a humor, which you meane to purge,
In some high Tragicke lines, or Comick iests.
Ro. Sit down faire Queen (ỳ Prologues part is plaid,
Marian hath told yee, what I bad her tell)
Sit downe Lord Sentloe, cosin Lacy sit,
Sir Gilbert Broghton, yea, and Warman sit;
Though you my steward be, yet for your gathering wit,
I giue you place, sit downe, sit downe I say,
Sets them all downe.
Gods pittie sit; it must, it must be so:
For you will sit, when I shall stande I knowe.
And Marian (you) may sit among the rest,
I pray yee doe, or else rise, stand apart,
These helps shall be beholders of my smart.
You that with ruthlesse eyes my sorrowes see,
And came prepar'd to feast at my sad fall,
Whose enuie, greedinesse, and iealousie
Affords mee sorrowe endlesse, comfort small,
Knowe what you knewe before, what you ordaind
To crosse the spousall banquet of my loue,
That I am outlawed by the Prior of Yorke,
My traiterous vncle, and your trothlesse friend.

Smile

Smile you Queene Elinor? laugh'ſt thou Lord Sentloe?
Lacy look'ſt thou ſo blithe at my lament?
Broghton a ſmooth browe graceth your ſterne face:
And you are merry Warman at my mone.
The Queene except, I doe you all defie.
You are a ſort of fawning Sycophants,
That while the ſun ſhine of my greatneſſe dur'd,
Reueld out all my day for your delights,
And now yee ſee the blacke night of my woe
Dreſhade the beautie of my ſmiling good,
You to my griefe adde griefe, and are agreed
With that falſe Prior, to repriue my iopes
From execution of all happineſſe.
War. Your honour thinks not ill of mee, I hope.
Rob. Iudas ſpeakes firſt, with, maſter is it I?
No, my falſe Steward, your accounts are true,
You haue diſhonoured mee, I worſhipt you.
You from a paltry pen and inkhorne clarke,
Bearing a buckram ſatchell at your belt,
Vnto a Iuſtice place I did preferre,
Where you vniuſtly haue my tenants rackt,
Waſted my treaſure, and increaſt your ſtore.
Your ſire contented with a cottage poore,
Your maſterſhippe hath halles and manſions built,
Yet are you innocent, as cleare from guilt,
As is the rauenous maſtife that hath ſpilt
The bloode of a whole flocke, yet lilly comes
And couches in his kennell, with ſmeard chaps,
Out of my houſe, for yet my houſe it is,
And followe him yee catchpole bribed groomes:
For neither are ye Lords, nor Gentlemen,
That will be hired to wrong a Nobleman:
For hir'd yee were, laſt night, I knowe it I,
To be my gueſts, my faithleſſe gueſtes this day,
That your kinde hoſte you trotheleſſe might betray:

But hence, and helpe the Sheriffe at the doore,
Your worſt attempt: fell traitors, as you bee,
Auoide, or I will execute yee all,
Ere any execution come at mee, Runne away.
They ran away, ſo ends the tragedie.
Marian, by little Iohn, my minde you know,
If you will, doe: if not, why, be it ſo. Offers to goe in.
Qu. No words to me earle Robert ere you goe?
Rob. D to your Highneſſe? yes, adieu proud Queene,
Had not you bene, thus poore I had not beene. Exit.
Qu. Thou wrongſt mee Robert, earle of Huntington,
And were it not for pittie of this maide,
I would reuenge the words that thou haſt ſaid.
Mar. Adde not, faire Queene, diſtreſſe vnto diſtreſſe:
But if you can, for pittie make his leſſe.
Que. I can and will forget deſeruing hate,
And giue him comfort in this wofull ſtate.
Marian, I knowe Earle Roberts whole deſire
Is to haue thee with him from hence away:
And though I loued him dearely to this day;
Yet ſince I ſee hee dearlier loueth thee,
Thou ſhalt haue all the furtherance I may.
Tell mee faire girle, and ſee thou truly tell,
Whether this night, to morrowe, or next day,
There be no pointment for to meete thy loue.
Mar. There is, this night there is, I will not lie,
And be it diſappointed, I ſhall die.
Que. Alas poore ſoule, my ſonne, Prince Iohn my ſon,
With ſeuerall troupes hath circuited the Court,
This houſe, the citie, that thou canſt not ſcape.
Mar. I will away with death, though he be grim,
If they deny mee to goe hence with him.
Qu, Marian, thou ſhalt go with him clad in my attire,
And for a ſhift, Ile put thy garments on,
It is not mee, my ſonne Iohn doth deſire;

But

But Marian it is thee, he doteth on.
When thou and I are come into the field,
Or any other place where Robin ſtaies,
Thee in thy clothes, the ambuſh will beſet,
Thee in my roabes they dare not once approach:
So while with mee a reaſoning they ſtay,
At pleaſure thou with him maiſt ride away.
Mar. I am beholding to your Maieſty,
And of this plot will ſende my Robin worde.
Qu. Nay, neuer trouble him, leaſt it breede ſuſpect:
But get thee in, and ſhift of thy attire,
My roabe is looſe, and it will ſoone be off,
Goe gentle Marian, I will followe thee,
And from betrayers hands will ſet thee free.
Mar. I thanke your Highneſſe, but I will not truſt ye,
My Robert ſhall haue knowledge of this ſhift:
For I conceiue alreadie your deepe drift.
Qu. Now ſhall I haue my will of Huntington,
Who taking mee this night for Marian,
Will harry mee away in ſteade of her:
For hee dares not ſtand trifling to conferre:
Faith prettie Marian I ſhal meete with you,
And with your louely ſweete heart Robert too:
For when wee come vnto a baiting place,
If with like loue my loue hee doe not grace,
Of treaſon capitall I will accuſe him,
For traiterous forcing me out of the Court,
And guerdon his diſdaine with guiltie death,
That of a Princes loue ſo lightly weighes. Exit.

¶ Enter little *Iohn*, fighting with the Sheriffe and his men, *Warman* perſwading him.
Io. Warman ſtād off, tit tattle, tel not me what ye can do:
The goods I ſay are mine, and I ſay true.
War. I ſay the Sheriffe muſt ſee them ere they goe.

Ioh. You say so Warman, little Iohn saies no.
Shre. I say I must for I am the kings Shrieue.
Ioh. Your must is false, your office I beleeue.
Watch. Downe with him, downe with him.
Iohn. Ye barke at me like curres, but I will downe
With twentie (stand, and who goe theres) of you,
If yee stand long tempting my patience.
Why master Shriue, thinke you mee a foole?
What iustice is there you should search my trunkes,
Or stay my goods for that my master owes?
Shr. Here's Iustice Warman, steward to your Lord,
Suspectes some coyne, some Iewels, or some plate
That longs vnto your Lord, are in your trunkes,
And the extent is out for all his goods:
Therefore wee ought to see none be conuaid.
War. True litle Iohn, I am the forier.
Iohn. A plague vpon ye elfe, how fore ye weepe?
Why, say thou vpstart, that there were some helpe,
Some little little helpe in this distresse,
To aide our Lord and master comfortlesse;
Is it thy part, thou screenfac't snotty nose,
To hinder him that gaue thee all thou hast?

¶ Enter Iustice *Warmans* wife, oddly attyred.

Wife. Who's that husband? you, you, means he you?
War. I her Lady is it, I thanke him.
Wif. Aye knew you, gods pittie husband, why dis not
your worshippe sende the kneue to Newgate?
Ioh. Well master Sheriffe, shall I passe or no?
Sher. Not without search.
Iohn. Then here the casket stands,
Any, that dares, vnto it set their hands,
Let him beginne.
Wif. Doe husband, you are a Maiestie, pwarrant there's
olde knacks, cheins and other topes.
Iohn. But not for you, good Madam beetle browes.

Wife

Wife. Out vpon him. By my truſty maſter Juſtice, and ye doe not clap him vp, I will ſue a bill of remoꝛſe, and neuer come betweene a pere of ſheetes with yee. Such a kneue as this, downe with him I pꝛay.

Set vpon him, He knockes ſome downe.

Wife. A good Loꝛd, come not neere good huſband, only charge him; charge him. A good God; helpe, helpe.

¶ Enter Prince *Iohn*, the Biſhoppe of *Ely*, the Priꝛ of *Yorke*, with others. All ſtay.

P. Iohn. What tumult haue wee here? who doth reſiſt
The kings writs with ſuch obſtinate contempt?

Wife. This knaue.

War. This Rebell.

P. Iohn. How now little Iohn,
Haue you no moꝛe diſcretion than you ſhewe?

Ely. Lay holde, and clappe the traitoꝛ by the heeles.

Iohn. I am no traitoꝛ, my good Loꝛd of Ely.
Firſt heare mee, then commit me if you pleaſe.

P. Ioh. Speake and be bꝛiefe.

Ioh. Heere is a little boꝛe,
Containing all my gettings twentie yeare;
Which is mine owne, and no mans but mine owne:
This they would rifle, this I doe defend,
And about this we only doe contend.

P. Ioh. You doe the fellow wꝛong: his goods are his:
You only muſt extend vpon the Earles.

Priꝛ. That was my Loꝛd; but nowe is Robert Hood,
A ſimple yeoman as his ſeruants were.

Wife. Backe with that legge my Loꝛd Pꝛioꝛ:
There be ſome, that were his ſeruantes, thinke foule ſcoꝛne to be cald yeomen.

Pri. I cry your woꝛſhippe mercy, miſtreſſe Warman.
The ſquire your huſband was his ſeruant onee.

Ioh. A ſcurule ſquire, with reuerence of theſe Loꝛds,

Wife. Doo's he not speake treason prey.
Ely. Sirra, yea are too saucie, get you hence.
War. But heare mee first, my Lords, with patience
This scoffing careleffe fellowe, little Iohn,
Hath loaden hence a horse, twirt him and Much,
A silly rude knaue, Much the millers sonne.

¶ Enter *Much*, clowne.

Much. I am here to answere for my selfe, and haue taken you in two lies at once. First, Much is no knaue, neither was it a horse little Iohn and I loded, but a little curtaile, of some fiue handfuls high, sib to ẏ Apes onely beast at Parish garden.

Ioh. But master Warman, you haue loded carts,
And turnd my Lords goods to your proper vse:
Who euer hath the right, you doe the wrong,
And are

Wife. What is hee kneue?
Ioh. Unworthy to be named a man.
Much. And Ile besworne for his wife,
Wife. I, so thou maist Nich.
Much. That shee sets newe markes of all my olde Ladies linnen (God rest her soule) & my young Lord neuer had them since.
Wife. Out, out, I tooke him them but to whiting, as God mende mee.
Ely. Leaue off this idle talke, get yee both hence.
Iohn. I thanke your Honours: wee are not in loue wẽ being here; wee must seeke seruice that are masterlesse. Exeunt *Much, Iohn.*
Ely. Lord Prior of Yorke, here's your commission.
You are best make speede, least in his country houses,
By his appointment, all his heards be solde.
Pr. I thanke your Honour, taking humble leaue. Exit.
Ely. And master VVarman, here's your Patent seald.
For the high Sheriffewick of Notingham:

Ex-

Except the king our maſter doe repeale
This gift of ours.
Pr. Ioh. Let him the while poſſeſſe it.
*Ely.* A gods name let him, he hath my good will. *Exit.*
P. Ioh. Well Warman, this proude Prieſt I can not
But to our other matter, ſend thy wife away. (broke.
War. Goe in good wife, the Prince with mee hath
priuate conference.
Wife. By my troth yee will anger mee: now yee haue
the Paterne, yee ſhould call mee nothing but miſtreſſe
Sheriffe: for I tell you I ſtand vpon my replications.
Exit.
P. Ioh. Thinkeſt thou that Marian meanes
To ſcape this euening hence with Robin Hoode?
The hoaſe boy tolde mee ſo, and here he comes,
Diſguiſed like a citizen me thinkes.
Warman lets in, ile fit him preſently,
Only for Marian am I now his enemie. Exeunt.
¶ Enter *Robin* like a citizen.
Ro. Earle Iohn & Warman, two good friends of mine:
I thinke they knewe mee not, or if they did
I care not what can followe, I am ſure
The harpeſt ende is death, and that will come.
But what of death or ſorrowe doe I dreame?
My Marian, my faire life, my beauteous loue,
Is comming, to giue comfort to my griefe,
And the ſly Queene, intending to deceiue,
Hath taught vs how we ſhould her ſleights deceiue.
But who is this? gods pittie, here's Prince Iohn,
We ſhall haue ſome good rule with him anone.
P. Ioh. God euen ſir: this cleare euening ſhould portend
Some froſt I thinke: how iudge you honeſt friend?
Rob. I am not weatherwiſe: but it may be,
Wee ſhall haue hard froſt: for true charitie,
Good dealing, faithfull friendſhippe, honeſtie,

Are chil-colde, deade with colde.
P. Ioh. O good ſir, ſtay.
That froſt hath lakte many a bitter day.
Knowe yee no frozen hearts that are belou'd?
Rob. Loue is a flame, a fire, that being mou'd,
Still brighter growes: but ſay, are you belou'd?
P. Ioh. I would be, if I be not: but paſſe that.
Are'ye a dweller in this citie, pray?
Rob. I am: and for a Gentlewoman ſtay,
That rides ſome foure or fiue mile in great haſte.

¶ Enter Queene, *Marian.*

P. Ioh. I ſee your labour, ſir, is not in waſte.
For here come two: are either of theſe yours?
Rob. Both are, one muſt.
P. Iohn. Which doe you moſt reſpect?
Rob. The youngeſt, and the faireſt I reiect.
P. Io. Robin, Ile try you whether yee ſay true.
Rob. As you with mee, ſo Iohn ile leaſt with you.
Qu. Marian, let me goe firſt to Robin Hood,
And I will tell him what wee doe intend. (mine.
War. Doe what your Highneſſe pleaſe, your will is
P. Ioh. My mother is with gentle Marian:
It doth grieue her to be left behinde.
Qu. Shall we away my Robin, leaſt the Queene
Betray our purpoſe, ſweete let vs away:
I haue great will to goe, no heart to ſtay.
Rob. Away with thee: Nay: get thee farre away
From mee foule Marian, faire though thou be nam'd:
For thy bewitching eyes haue raiſed ſtormes,
That haue my name and nobleſſe euer ſham'd:
Prince Iohn, my deare friend once, is now, for thee,
Become an vnrelenting enemie,
P. Ioh. But Ile relent, and loue thee, if thou leaue her.
Rob. And Elinor my Soueraignes mother Queene,
That yet retaines true paſſion in her breaſt,

Stands

Stands mourning yonder. Hence, I thee detest:
I will submit mee to her Maiestie.
Greate Princesse, if you will but ride with mee,
A little of my way, I will expresse
My folly past, and humble pardon beg.
Mar. I grant, earle Robert, and I thanke thee too.
Qu. She's not the Queene, sweete Robin it is I.
Rob. Hence Sorceresse, thy beauty I defie.
If thou haue any loue at all to mee,
Bestowe it on Prince Iohn: he loueth thee.
Exeunt Robin, Marian.
P. Ioh. And I will loue thee Robin, for this deede,
And helpe thee too, in thy distressefull neede.
Qu. Wilt thou not stay nor speake, proud Huntington?
Ay mee, some whirlwinde hurries them away.
P. Ioh. Follow him not faire loue, that from thee flies:
But flie to him that gladly followes thee.
Wilt thou not girle? turnst thou away from mee?
Qu. Nay, we shall haue it then,
If my queint sonne, his mother gin to court.
P. Io. Wilt thou not speake, faire Marian, to prince Iohn,
That loues thee well?
Qu. Good sir I know you doe.
Prin. That can maintaine thee?
Qu. I, I know you can:
But hitherto I haue maintained you.
Prin. My princely mother?
Qu. I, my princely sonne.
Prin. Is Marian then gone hence with Huntington?
Qu. I, she is gone, ill may they either thriue.
Prin. Mother, they must goe whom the diuell driues.
For your sharpe furie, and infernall rage,
Your scorne of mee, your spite to Marian,
Your ouer-doting loue to Huntington,
Hath crost your selfe, and mee it hath vndone.

Qu. I, in mine owne deceipt, haue met deceipt:
In briefe, the manner thus I will repeate;
I knewe, with malice that the Prior of Pozke
Purſu'd Earle Robert; and I furdred it;
Though God can tell for loue of Huntington.
For thus I thought, when he was in extreames,
Needs, if my loue would winne ſome good regarde
From him to mee, If I relieu'd his want.
To this end came I to the mock-ſpouſe feaſt:
To this end made I change for Marians weede,
That me, for her, Earle Robert ſhould receiue:
But now I ſee they both of them agreed,
In my deceipt, I might my ſelfe deceiue.
Come in with mee, come in and meditate
How to turne loue, to neuer changing hate. Exit.

Prin. In by your ſelfe: I paſſe not for your ſpels.
Of youth and beautie ſtill you are the foe:
The curſe of Roſamond reſts on your head,
Faire Roſe confounded by your cankers hate.
O that ſhe were not as to mee ſhe is,
A mother, whom by nature I muſt loue,
Then would I tell her ſhee were too too baſe,
To dote thus on a baniſht careleſſe groome;
Then ſhould I tell her that ſhee were too fond,
To thruſt faire Marian to an exiles hand.

¶ Enter a meſſenger from *Ely*.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord of *Ely* ſends for you,
About important buſineſſe of the ſtate.

Prin. Tell the proude Prelate I am not diſpoſ'd,
Nor in eſtate to come at his commaunde.
Smite him, hee bleedes.
Be gon with that, or tarry and take this.
Swouns are yee liſtning for an after-arrant?
Ile followe, with reuengefull murdrous hate,
The baniſht, beggerd, bankrout Huntington.

Enter

¶ Enter *Simon*, earle of *Leiceſter*.

Ley. How now Prince Iohn? bodie of mee, I muſe
What mad moodes toſſe yee, in this buſie time,
To wound the meſſenger that *Ely* ſent,
By our conſents? yfaith yee did not well.
Prin. Leyſter, I meant it *Ely*, not his man:
His ſeruants heade but bleedes hee headleſſe ſhall
From all the iſſues of his traitor necke,
Poure ſtreames of bloode, till he be bloodleſſe left:
By earth it ſhall, by heauen it ſhall be ſo,
Leiſter, it ſhall though all the world ſay no.
Lei. It ſhall, it ſhall but how ſhall it be done?
Not with a ſtormie tempeſt of ſharpe words,
But ſlowe, ſtill ſpeaches, and effecting deedes.
Here comes olde Lacy and his brother Hugh.
One is our friend, the other is not true.

¶ Enter Lord *Lacy*, ſir *Hugh*, and his boy.

Lacy. Hence trecher as thou art: by Gods bleſſ mother
Ile lop thy legges off, though thou be my brother,
If with thy flatring tongue thou ſeeke to hide
Thy traiterous purpoſe. Ah poore Huntington,
How in one houre haue villaines thee vndone?
Hugh. If you will not beleeue what I haue ſworne,
Conceipt your worſt. My Lord of *Ely* knowes
That what I ſay, is true.
La. Still faceſt thou?
Drawe boy, and quickly ſee that thou defende thee.
Lei. Patience Lord Lacy, get you gon ſir Hugh,
Prouoke him not, for he hath tolde you true:
You know it, that I knowe the Prior of Yorke,
Together with my good Lord Chauncellor,
Corrupted you, Lord Sentloe, Broghton, Warman,
To feaſt with Robert on his day of fall.
Hugh. They lie that ſay it; I defie yee all.
Prin. Now by the Rode thou lyeſt. Warman himſelfe,

That creeping Iudas, ioyed, and tolde it mee.
Lacy. Let mee, my Lords, reuenge me of this wretch,
By whome my daughter and her loue were lost.
Prin. For her, let mee reuenge: with bitter cost,
Shall sir Hugh Lacy and his fellowes buy
Faire Marians losse, lost by their treachery.
And thus I pay it.
Stabs him, he falles, boy runnes in.
Leist. Sure paiment Iohn.
Lacy. There let the villaine lie:
For this, olde Lacie honours thee, prince Iohn.
One trecherous soule, is sent to answere wrong.

¶ Enter *Ely*, *Chester*, officers, *Hugh Lacies boy*.

Boy. Here, here, my Lord,
Looke where my master lies.
*Ely*. What murderous hād hath kild this gentle knight,
Good sir Hugh Lacy, steward of my lands?
Prin. *Ely*, he died by this princely hand.
*Ely*. Unprincely deed. Death asketh death you know.
*Ely*. Arrest him officers.
Prin. O sir, I le obey: you will take baile, I hope.
Chest. Tis more, sir, than hee may.
Lei. Chester, he may by lawe, and therefore shall.
*Ely*. Who are his baile?
Lei. I.
Lacy. And I.
*Ely*. You are confederates.
Prin. Holy Lord, you lye.
Chest. Be reuerent, Prince Iohn: my Lord of *Ely*,
You knowe, is Regent for his Maiestie.
Prin. But here are Letters from his Maiesty,
Sent out of Ioppa, in the holy land,
To you, to these, to mee, to all the State;
Containing a repeale of that large graunt,

And

And free authoritie to take the ſeale,
Into the hands of three Lords temporall,
And the Lord Archbiſhoppe of Roan, he ſent.
And hee ſhall yielde it: or as Lacy lies,
Deſertfully, for pride and treaſon ſtabd,
He ſhall ere long lye. Thoſe that intend as I
Followe this ſteely enſigne, lift on high.
Lifts vp his drawne ſword:
*Exit*, cum Leſter and Lacy.

*Ely*. A thouſand thouſand enſignes of sharpe ſteele,
And feathered arrowes, from the bowe of death,
Againſt proud Iohn, wrongd *Ely* will imploy.
My Lord of Cheſter, let mee haue your aide,
To lay the pride of haute vſurping Iohn.

Cheſt. Some other courſe than warre let vs bethinke:
If it may be, let not vnciuill broiles,
Our ciuill hands defile.

*Ely*. God knowes that I,
For quiet of the Realme, would ought forbeare:
But giue mee leaue, my noble Lord to feare,
When one, I dearely lou'd, is murdered,
Vnder the colour of a little wrong,
Done to the wailfull earle of Huntington:
Whom Iohn, I knowe, doth hate vnto the death,
Only for loue he beares to Lacies daughter.

Cheſt. My Lord, its plaine this quarrel is but picke
For an inducement to a greater ill:
But wee will call the Counſell of Eſtate,
At which the mother Queene ſhall preſent be:
Thither by ſummons ſhall Prince Iohn be cald,
Leſter and Lacy, who, it ſeemes,
Fauour ſome factious purpoſe of the Prince.

*Ely*. You haue aduiſed well, my Lord of Cheſter,
And as you counſell, ſo doe I conclude. *Exeunt*.

¶ Enter *Robin Hoode*, *Matilda*, at one doore, little *Iohn*, and *Much* the millers ſonne at another doore.

Much. Luck I beſeech thee, Harry and amen,
Bleſſing betide hem, it be them indeede,
Ah my good Lord, for and my little Ladie.
Rob. What? Much and Iohn, well met in this ill time.
Ioh. In this good time my Lord; for being met,
The world ſhall not depart vs till wee die.
Mat. Saiſt thou mee ſo Iohn? as I am true maide,
If I liue long, well ſhall thy loue be paide.
Much. Well, there be on vs, ſimple though wee ſtand here, haue as much loue in hem as little Iohn.
Mat. Much, I confeſſe thou loueſt mee very much,
And I will more reward it than with words.
Much. Nay I know that, but wee millers children loue the cogge a little, and the faire ſpeaking.
Rob. And is it poſſible that Warmans ſpite
Should ſtretch ſo farre, that he doth hunt the liues,
Of bonnie Scarlet, and brother Scathlock.
Much. O, I ſir. Warman came but yeſterday to take charge of the Iaile at Nottingham, and this day he ſaies he will hang the two outlawes: he meanes to ſet them at libertie.
Mat. Such libertie God ſend the pieuiſh wretch
In his moſt needs.
Rob. Now by my honours hope,
Yet buried in the lowe duſt of diſgrace,
He is too blame: ſay Iohn, where muſt they die?
Ioh. Yonders their mothers houſe, and here the tree,
Whereon (poore men) they muſt forgoe their liues:
And yonder comes a lazie, lozell Frier,
That is appointed for their confeſſor,
Who when we brought your monie to their mothers:
Was wiſhing her to patience for their deaths.

Enter

¶ Enter Frier *Tucke*, and *Ralphe*, *Warmans* man.

Ra. I am timorous ſir, that the priſoners are paſſed from the Jaile.

Fri. Soft ſirra, by my order I proteſt,
Ye are too forward: tis no game, no ieaſt
We goe about.

Rob. Matilda, walke afore,
To widowe Scarlets houſe: looke where it ſtands:
Much, man your Ladie: little Iohn and I
Will come vnto you thither preſently.

Much. Come Madame, my Lord has pointed the properer man to goe before yee.

Mat. Be carefull Robin in this time of feare,
Exit *Much, Matilda.*

Fri. Now by the reliques of the holy Maſſe,
A prettie girle, a very bonny laſſe.

Rob. Frier, how like you her?

Fri. Mary, by my hoode,
I like her well, and wiſh her nought but good.

Raſe. Yee protract maſter Frier. I obſecrate ye with all curteſie, omitting complement, you would vouch, or deigne to proceede.

Fri. Deigne, vouch, protract, complement, obſecrate?
Why good man tricks, who taught you thus to prate?
Your name, your name, were you neuer chriſtned?

Ra. My nomination Radulfe is or Ralph,
Vulgars corruptly vſe to call mee Raſe.

Fri. O foule corruption of baſe palliardize,
When idiots witleſſe trauell to be wiſe.
Age barbarous, times impious, men vitious,
Able to vpraiſe,
Ven deade many daies,
That wonted to praiſe,
The Rimes and the laies
Of Poets Laureate,

Whose verse did decorate,
And their lines illustrate
Both Prince and Potentate.
These from their graues,
See asses and knaues,
Base idiot slaues,
With boastings and braues,
Offer to vpstie,
To the heauens hie,
With vaine foolery,
And rude ribaldry.
Some of them write
Of beastly delight,
Suffering their lines,
To flatter these times,
With Pandarisme base,
And lust doe vncase,
From the placket to the pappe:
God send them ill happe.
Some like quaint pedants,
Good wits true recreants,
Yee cannot beseech
From pure Priscian speech.
Diuers as nice,
Like this odde vice,
Are word makers daily.
Others in curtsie
When euer they meete yee,
With newe fashions greete yee,
Chaunging each congee,
Sometime beneath knee,
With, good sir, pardon mee,
And much more foolerie,
Paltry, and foppry,
Dissembling knauery:

Hands

Hands ſometime killing,
But honeſtie milling.
God giue no bleſſing,
To ſuch baſe counterfaiting.

Ioh. Stoppe maſter Skelton: whither will you runne?
Fri. Gods pittie ſir Iohn Ream, little Iohn,
I had forgotte my ſelfe; but to our play.
Come, good man faſhions, let vs goe our way,
Unto this hanging buſineſſe: would, for mee,
Some reſcue, or repreeue might ſet them free.
Exeunt Frier, Ralph.
Robin. Heardſt thou not, little Iohn, ỳ Friers ſpeach,
Wiſhing for reſcue, or a quicke repreeue?
Ioh. He ſeemes like a good fellowe, my good Lord.
Rob. He's a good fellowe Iohn, vpon my word.
Lend mee thy horne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this horne, come both & helpe mee.
Ioh. Take heed my Lord: ỳ villaine Warman knows you,
And ten to one, he hath a writ againſt you. (dwell,
Rob. Fear not: below ỳ bridge a poore blind man doth
With him I will change my habit, and diſguiſe,
Only be readie when I call for yee:
For I will ſaue their liues, if it may bee.
Ioh. I will vſe what you would immediatly.

¶ Enter *Warman, Scarlet*, and *Scathlock* bounde, Frier *Tuck* as their confeſſor, Officers with halberts.

War. Maſter Frier, be briefe, delay no time:
Scarlet and Scathlock, neuer hope for life,
Here is the place of execution,
And you muſt anſwere lawe, for what is done.
Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we muſt:
Though it ill ſeemeth Warman, thou ſhouldſt bee

So bloodie to purſue our liues thus cruellie.

Scat. Our mother ſau'd thee frō ỹ gallowes, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy Lord:
One mother had wee both, and both our fathers,
To thee and to thy father, were kinde friends.

Fri. Good fellowes, here you ſee his kindneſſe ends,
What he was once, hee doth not now conſider:
You muſt conſider of your many ſinnes:
This day, in death, your happineſſe beginnes.

Scar. If you account it happineſſe, good Frier,
To beare vs companie, I you deſire:
The more the merrier, wee are honeſt men.

War. Ye were firſt outlaws, then ye prooued theeues,
And now all careleſſely yee ſcoffe at death:
Both of your fathers were good honeſt men;
Your mother liues, their widowe, in good fame:
But you are ſcapethrifts, vnthrifts, villanes knaues,
And as yee liu'd by ſhifts, ſhall die with ſhame.

Scat. Warman, good words, for all your bitter deeds:
Ill ſpeach, to wretched men, is more than needs.

¶ *Enter* Raphe, running.

Ra. Sir, retire yee, for it hath thus ſucceeded, the carnifex, or executor, riding on an ill curtall, hath titubated or ſtumbled, and is now crippleſied, with broken or fracted tibiards, ſending you tidings of ſucceſſe, ſaith, your ſelfe muſt be his deputie.

War. Ill luck: but ſirra, you ſhall ſerue the turne:
The cords that binde them, you ſhall hang them in.

Ra. How are you, ſir, of mee opiniated? Not to poſſeſſe your ſeneſchalſhip, or ſhertualtie, not to be earle of Notingham, will Ralph be nominated by the baſe ſcandalous vociferation of a hangman.

¶ Enter *Robin Hoode*, like an old man.

Rob. Where is the ſhrieue, kinde friends? I you beſeech,
With his good worſhippe, let mee haue ſome ſpeech.

Fri.

Fri. Here is the Sheriffe, father, this is hee.
Rob. Frier, good alms, & many blessings thank thee.
Sir, you are welcome to this troublous sheere:
Of this daies execution did I heare.
Scarlet and Scathlocke murdered my young sonne,
Wee haue they robd, and helplessely vndoone.
Reuenge I would, but I am olde and dzy:
Wherefoze, sweete master, foz saint charitie,
Since they are bound, deliuer them to mee,
That foz my sons blood, I reueng'd may bee.
Scar. This old man lies, we nere did him such wzong.
Rob. I doe not lie, you wote it too too well,
The deede was such, as you may shame to tell.
But I with all intreats might not pzeuaile
With your sterne stubbozne mindes, bent all to blood.
Shall I haue such reuenge then master Sheriffe,
That with my sonnes losse, may suffice my selfe?
Robin whispers with them.
War. Doe father what thou wilt, foz they must die.
Fri. I neuer heard them touch't with bloode till now.
War. Notozious villanes, & they made their bzags,
The earle of Huntington would saue their liues:
But hee is downe the winde, as all such shall,
That reuell, waste and spende, and take no care.
Rob. My hozne once winded, Ile vnbinde my belt,
Whereat the swozds and bucklers are fast tied.
Scath. Thankes to your Honour. Father we confesse,
And were our armes vnbounde, we would vpheaue
Our sinfull hands with sozrowing hearts to heauen.
Ro. I will vnbinde you, with the Sheriffes leaue.
War. Doe: helpe him Ralphe; go to them master Frier.
Robin. And as yee blew your hozns, at my sons death,
So will I sound your knell, w̄ my best breath:
Sound his horne.
And here's a blade, that hangeth at my belt,

Shall make ye feele in death, what my ſonne felt.

¶ Enter little *Iohn*, *Much*, *Scarlet* and *Scathlock*: Fight: the Frier, making as if he helpt the Sheriffe, knockes downe his men, crying, keepe the kings peace.

Ralph. O they muſt be hangd father:

Rob. Thy maſter and thy ſelfe ſupply their roomes,
Warman, approach mee not, tempt not my wrath.
For if thou doe, thou dieſt remedileſſe.

War. It is the outlawed earle of Huntington,
Downe with him Frier: oh thou doſt miſtake.
Fly Ralph, wee die elſe, let vs raiſe the ſhire.

Sheriffe runnes away, and his men.

Fri. Farewell earle Robert, as I am true Frier,
I had rather be thy clarke, then ſerue the Prior.

Rob. A iolly fellowe, Scarlet knoweſt thou him?

Scar. Heeis of Yorke, and of Saint Maries Cloiſter:
There where your greedie vncle is Lord Prior.

Much. O murren on ye, haue you two ſcap't hanging?
Harke yee my Lord, theſe two fellowes kept at Barnſ-
dale ſeauen yeare, to my knowledge, and no man

Rob. Here is no biding maſters, get yee in,
Take a ſhort bleſſing at your mothers hands:
Much, beare them company, make Matilda merry:
Iohn and my ſelfe will followe preſently.
Iohn, on a ſodaine thus I am reſolu'd,
To keepe in Sherewoode, till the kings returne,
And being outlawed, leade an outlawes life.
(Seauen yeares theſe brethren, being yeomens ſons,
Liued and ſcap't the malice of their foes)
How thinkeſt thou little Iohn of my intent?

Iohn. I like your Honours purpoſe exceeding well.

Rob. Nay, no more honour, I pray thee little Iohn:
Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,

Matil-

Matilda ſhall be my maid Marian.
Come Iohn, friends all, for now begimmes the game:
And after our deſerts, ſo growe our fame. *Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter Prince Iohn and his Lords, with ſouldiers.*

Prin. Now is this Comet ſhot into the ſea,
Or lies like ſlime, vpon the ſullen earth:
Come, he is deade, elſe ſhould we heare of him.
Salſ. I knowe not what to thinke herein, my Lord.
Fitz. Ely is not the man I tooke him for,
I am afraide wee ſhall haue worſe than hee.
Ioh. Why good Fitzwater, whēce doth ſpring your fear?
Fitz. Him for his pride, we luckly haue ſuppreſt:
But prouder climers are about to riſe.
Salſ. Name them Fitzwater, know you any ſuch?
Ioh. Fitzwater meanes not any thing, I know:
For if he did, his tongue would tell his heart.
Fitz. An argument of my free heart my Lord,
That lets the worlde be witneſſe of my thought.
When I was taught, true dealing kept the ſchoole:
Deedes were ſworne partners with proteſting words:
We ſaid and did, theſe ſay and neuer meane.
This vpſtart proteſtation of no proofe:
This, I beſeech you ſir accept my loue;
Commaund mee, vſe mee, O you are too blame,
That doe neglect my euerlaſting zeale,
My deare, my kinde affect: when God can tell,
A ſodaine puffe of winde, a lightning flaſh,
A bubble on the ſtreame doth longer dure,
Than doth the purpoſe of their promiſe bide.
A ſhame vpon this peeuiſh Apiſh age,
Theſe crouching hypocrite diſſembling times.
Well, well, God rid the Patrones of theſe crimes,
Out of this land. I haue an inward feare,
This ill, well ſeeming, ſinne, will be bought deare.

Salſ. My Lord Fitzwater is inſpir'd I thinke.
Prin. I, with ſome diuell: let the olde foole dote.
¶ Enter Queene mother, *Cheſter*, Sheriffe, Kent ſouldiers.
Qu. From the purſuing of the hatefull Prieſt,
And bootleſſe ſearch of Ely are wee come.
Prin. And welcome is your ſacred Mateſtie.
And Cheſter welcome too, againſt your will.
Cheſt. Unwilling men come not without conſtraint:
But vncompeld comes Cheſter to this place,
Telling thee Iohn, that thou art much too blame,
To chaſe hence Ely, Chauncelor to the king,
To ſet thy footeſteppes on the cloath of ſtate,
And ſeate thy body in thy brothers throne.
Salſ. Who ſhould ſucceede the brother, but the brother?
Cheſt. If one were deade, one ſhould ſucceede pother.
Qu. My ſonne is king, my ſon then ought to raigne.
Fitz. One ſonne is king, the Seate allowes not twaine.
Salſ. The ſubiects many yeares the king haue miſt.
Che. But ſubiects muſt not chuſe what king they liſt.
Qu. Richard hath conquered kingdomes in the Eaſt.
Fitz. A ſigne hee will not looſe this in the Weſt.
Salſ. By Salsburies Honour I will follow Iohn.
Cheſt. So Cheſter will, to ſhunne commotion.
Qu. Why? Iohn ſhall be but Richards deputie.
Fitz. To that, Fitzwater gladly doth agree.
And looke to't Lady, minde king Richards loue:
As you will anſwer't, doe the king no wrong.
Qu. Well ſaid old conſcience, you keep ſtill one ſong.
Prin. In your contentious humours noble Lords,
Peeres, and vpholders of the Engliſh State,
Iohn ſilent ſtoode, as one that did awaite
What ſentence yee determind for my life:
But ſince you are agreed that I ſhall beare
The weighty burthen of this kingdomes ſtate,

Till

Till the returne of Richard, our dread king:
I doe accept the charge, and thanke you all,
That think me worthie of so great a place.
All. Wee all confirme you Richards deputie.
Sals. Now shall I plague proud Chester.
Qu. Sit you sure Fitzwater.
Chest. For peace, I yield to wrong.
Prin. Now olde man, for your daughter.
Fitz. To see wrõg rule, my eyes run streams of water.

A noyse within.

¶ Enter a Collier, crying a monster.

Col. A monster, a monster: bring her out Robin, a monster, a monster. (art?
Sals. Peace gaping fellowe: knowest thou where thou
Col. Why? I am in Kent, within a mile of Douer.
Sblood, where I am, peace, and a gaping fellow?
For all your dagger, wert not for your ging,
I would knocke my whipstocke on your addle head.
Come out with the monster, Robin.
Within. I come, I come, helpe mee the scrats.
Col. Ile gee her the lash: come out yee bearded witch.

Bring forth *Ely*, with a yarde in his hand, and linnen cloath, drest like a woman.

Ely. Good fellowes let mee goe, there's gold to drinke.
I am a man, though in a womans weedes.
Ponders Prince Iohn, I pray yee let mee goe.
Qu. What rude cõpantons haue we ponder Salsbury?
Col. Shall we take his money?
2. Col. No, no; this is the thiefe that robd master Nighels, and came in like a woman in labour, I warrant yee.
Sals. Who haue yee here, honest colliers?
2. Col. A monster, a monster: a woman with a beard, a man in a petticote. A monster, a monster.
Sals. What my good Lord of Ely, is it you?

*Ely* is taken, here's the Chauncelor.
1. Col. Pray God wee be not hangd for this tricke?
Qu. What my good Lord?
Ely. I, I, ambitious Ladie.
Prin. Who, my Lord Chauncelour?
*Ely*. I, you proud vsurper.
Salſ. What, is your ſurpleſſe turned to a ſmock?
*Ely*. Peace Salſbury, thou changing weathercocke.
Cheſt. Alas my Lord, I grieue to ſee this ſight.
*Ely*. Cheſter, it will be day for this darke night.
*Fitz*. *Ely*, thou wert the foe to Huntington:
Robin thou knewſt, was my adopted ſonne:
O *Ely*, thou to him wert too too cruell,
With him fled hence Matilda, my faire Jewell:
For their wrong *Ely*, and thy hautie pride,
I helpt earle Iohn: but now I ſee thee lowe,
At thy diſtreſſe, my heart is full of woe.
Qu. Needes muſt I ſee Fitzwaters ouerthrowe:
Iohn, I affect him not, he loues not thee,
Remooue him Iohn, leaſt thou remooued bee.
Prin. Mother, let mee alone: by one and one,
I will not leaue one, that enuies our good.
My Lord of Salsbury, giue theſe honeſt colliers,
For taking *Ely*, each a hundred markes.
Salſ. Come fellowes, goe with mee.
Col. Thanke yee faith: farewell monſter.
*Exeunt Salsbury, colliers.*
Prin. Sheriffe of Kent, take *Ely* to your charge,
From Shreeue to Shreeue, ſend him to Notingham:
Where Warman, by our Patent, is high Shreeue.
There as a traitor let him be cloſe kept,
And to his triall wee will follow ſtraight.
*Ely*. A traitor, Iohn?
Pr. Ioh. Doe not expoſtulate.
You at your trial ſhal haue time to prate. *Exeũt cũ Ely.*

*Fitz.*

Fitz. God for thy pittie, what a time is here?
Pri. Right gratious mother, wold your selfe & Chester
Would but withdraw we you for a little space,
While I conferre wᵗʰ my good Lord Fitzwater.
Qu. My Lord of Chester, will you walke aside?
Che. Whether your Highnesse please, thither I will.
*Exeunt Chester, Queene.*
Prin. Souldiers, attend the person of our mother. Exeũt.
Noble Fitzwater, now wee are alone,
What oft I haue desir'd, I will intreate,
Touching Matilda, fled with Huntington.
Fitz. Of her what wold you touch? Touching her flight,
She is fledde hence with Robert, her true knight.
Prin. Robert is outlawed, and Matilda free.
Why through his fault, should she exiled be?
She is your comfort, all your ages blisse.
Why should your age, so great a comfort misse?
She is all Englands beautie, all her pride.
In forren lands, why should that beautie bide?
Call her againe Fitzwater, call againe
Guiltlesse Matilda, beauties soueraigne.
Fitz. I graunt prince Iohn, Matilda was my ioy,
And the faire sunne, that kept old winters frost,
From griping deade the marrowe of my bones:
And she is gone, yet where she is, God wote,
Aged Fitzwater truly guesseth not:
But where she is, there is kinde Huntington:
With my faire daughter, is my noble sonne.
If he may neuer be recald againe,
To call Matilda backe it is in vaine.
Prin. Liuing with him, she liues in vitious state,
For Huntington is excommunicate:
And till his debts be paid, by Romes decree,
It is agreed, absolu'd he can not be:
And that can neuer be. So neuer wife,

But in a loath'd abiect rous beggers life,
Muſt faire Matilda liue: this you may amend,
And winne Prince Iohn your euer during friend.
Fitz. As how, as how?
Prin. Tal her from him: bring her to Englands Court,
Where like faire Phœbe, she may ſit as Queene,
Ouer the ſacred Honourable maids,
That doe attend the royall Queene, my mother.
There ſhall ſhee liue a Princes Cynthia,
And Iohn will be her true Endimion.
Fitz. By this conſtruction, ſhe ſhould be the Moone,
And you would be the man within the Moone.
Prin. A pleaſant expoſition, good Fitzwater:
But if it fell ſo out, that I fell in,
You of my full ioyes ſhould be chiefe partaker.
Fitz: Iohn I defie thee: by my Honours hope,
I will not beare this baſe indignitie:
Take to thy tooles. Thinkſt thou a Noble man
Will be a Pandar to his proper childe?
For what intendſt thou elſe? ſeeing I knowe,
Earle Clepſtowes daughter is thy married wife.
Come, if thou be a right Plantagenet,
Drawe and defende thee: oh our Ladie helpe
True Engliſh Lords, from ſuch a tyrant Lord.
What, doeſt thou thinke I feare? Nay by the Roode,
Ile looſe my life, or purge thy luſtfull bloode.
Prin. What my olde Ruffian, lye at your warde?
Haue at your froward boſome, olde Fitzwater.

Fight: *Iohn* falles. Enter Queene, *Cheſter*, *Salſbury* haſtily.

Fitz. O that thou werte not Royal Richards brother,
Thou ſhouldſt here die in preſence of thy mother.
Iohn riſes, all compaſſe *Fitzwater*, *Fitzwater* chaſes.
What is he vp? May Lords, then giue vs leaue.
Cheſt. What meanes this rage Fitzwater?

Qu. Lay hands vpon the Bedlam, traitrous wretch.
Prin. May haile him hence: & heare you old Fitzwater?
See that you stay not fiue daies in the Realme:
For if you doe, you die remediless.
Fitz. Speak Lords, do you confirme what he hath said?
All. He is our Prince, and he must be obaid.
Fitz. Harken earle Iohn, but one word will I say.
Prin. Ioh. I will not heare thee, neither will I stay.
Thou knowest thy time. Exit.
Fitz. Will not your Highnesse heare?
Qu. No: thy Matilda robd mee of my deare. Exit.
Fitz. I aided thee in battell Salsbury.
Salf. Prince Iohn is moou'd, I dare not stay with thee.
Fitz. Gainst thee and Ely, Chester, was I foe?
And dost thou stay to aggrauate my woe?
Chest. No, good Fitzwater, Chester doth lament
Thy wrong, thy sodaine banishment.
Whence grue the quarrell twixt the Prince and thee?
Fitz. Chester, the diuell tempted old Fitzwater,
To be a Pandar to his only daughter,
And my great heart (impatient) forst my hand,
In my true Honours right to chalenge him:
Alas the while, wrong will not be reproou'd.
Chest. Farewell Fitzwater: whereseere thou bee,
By letters, I beseech thee, send to mee. Exit.
Fitz. Chester, I will, I will.
Heauens turne, to good, this woe, this wrong, this ill.
Exit.

¶ Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes at seuerall doores. To them enter Robin Hoode, Matilda all in greene, Scathlockes mother, Much, little Iohn, all the men with bowes and arrowes.

Rob. Widowe, I wish thee homeward now to wend:
Least Warmans malice worke thee any wrong.

Wid. Maiter I will, and mickle good attend
On thee, thy loue, and all theſe yeomen ſtrong.
Mar. Forget not widowe, what you promiſe mee.
Much. O I miſtreſſe, for gods ſake lets haue Iinny.
Wid. You ſhall haue Iinny ſent you w all ſpeede.
Sonnes farewell, and by your mothers reede,
Loue well your maſter: bleſſing euer fall
On him, your miſtreſſe, and theſe yeomen tall. Exit.
Much. God be with you mother, haue much minde I
pray on Much, your ſonne, and your daughter Iinny.
Rob. Wind once more, iolly huntſmen, all your horns:
Whoſe ſhrill ſound, with the eccheing woods aſſiſt,
Shall ring a ſad knell for the fearefull Deere,
Before our feathered ſhafts, deaths winged darts,
Bring ſodaine ſummons for their fatall ends.
Scar. Its full ſeauen years ſince we were outlawed firſt,
And wealthy Sherewood was our heritage:
For all thoſe yeares we raigned vncontrolde:
From Barnſdale ſhrogs, to Nottinghams red cliffes,
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome gueſts.
Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefields Pinner lou'd vs well.
At Barnſley dwels a Potter tough and ſtrong,
That neuer brookt, we brethren ſhould haue wrong.
The Nunnes of Farnfield, pretty Nunnes they bee,
Gaue napkins, ſhirts, and bands to him and mee.
Bateman of Kendall, gaue vs Kendall greene,
And Sharpe of Leedes, ſharpe arrowes for vs made:
At Rotheram dwelt our bowyer, God him bleſſe,
Iackſon he hight, his bowes did neuer miſſe.
This for our good, our ſcathe let Scathlocke tell,
In merry Mansfield, how it once befell.
Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wreſtling day,
Prizes there were, and yeomen came to play:
My brother Scarlet and my ſelfe were twaine:

Many

Many reſiſted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the maſtery,
And the gilt wreathes, were giuen to him and mee.
There by ſir Doncaſter of Hethersfield,
Wee were bewraid, beſet, and forſt to yield:
And ſo borne bound, from thence to Notingham,
Where we lay doom'd to death, till Warman came.
Rob. Of that enough. What cheere my deareſt loue?
Much. O good cheare anone ſir, ſhe ſhall haue venſon her bellyfull.
Mat. Matilda is as ioyfull of thy good,
As ioy can make her: how fares Robin Hood?
Rob. Well my Matilda, and if thou agree,
Nothing but mirth ſhall waite on thee and mee.
Mat. O God, how full of perfect mirth were I,
To ſee thy griefe turnd to true iollitie!
Rob. Giue me thy hand; now gods curſe on me light,
If I forſake not griefe, in griefes deſpight.
Much, make a cry, and yeomen ſtand yee round:
I charge yee neuer more let woefull ſound
Be heard among yee; but what euer fall,
Laugh griefe to ſcorne; and ſo make ſorrowes ſmall.
Much, make a cry, and loudly little Iohn.
Much. O God, O God, helpe, helpe, helpe, I am vndoone, I am vndoone.
Ioh. Why how now Much? peace, peace, you roaring ſlaue.
Much. My maſter bid mee cry, and I will cry till hee bid me leaue; Helpe, helpe, helpe: I marry will I.
Rob. Peace Much; reade on the Articles good Iohn.
Ioh. Firſt, no man muſt preſume to call our maſter,
By name of Earle, Lord, Baron, Knight, or Squire:
But ſimply by the name of Robin Hoode.
Rob. Say yeomen, to this order will ye yielde?
All. We yield to ſerue our maſter Robin Hoode.

Iohn. Next tis agreed (if therto thee agree)
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode,
To liue in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
She, by maid Marians name, be only cald.
Mat. I am contented; reade on little Iohn,
Henceforth let me be nam'd maid Marian.
Ioh. Thirdly no yeoman, following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, shall vse widowe, wife, or maid,
But by true labour, lustfull thoughts expell.
Rob. How like yee this?
All. Master, we like it well.
Muc. But I cry no to it. What shal I do wt Iimmy then?
Scar. Peace much; goe forwarde with the orders, fellowe Iohn.
Iohn. Fourthly, no passenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin feast:
Except a Poast, a Carrier, or such folke,
As vse with foode to serue the market townes.
All. An order which we gladly will obserue.
Ioh. Fiftly, yon neuer shall the poore man wrong,
Nor spare a Priest, a vsurer, or a clarke.
Much. Nor a faire wench, meete we her in the darke.
Iohn. Lastly, you shall defend with all your power,
Maids, widowes, Orphants, and distressed men.
All. All these wee vowe to keepe, as we are men.
Rob. Then wend ye to the Greenewod merrily,
And let the light Roes bootlesse from yee runne.
Marian and I, as Soueraigns of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiles.
Much. Ile among them master.

Exeunt winding their hornes.

Rob. Marian, thou seest though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country spoyt, in Sherewodde is not scant:
For the soule-rauishing delicious sound

Of

Of inſtrumentall muſique, we haue found
The winged quiriſters, with diuers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording prettie throats,
On euery braunch that compaſſeth our bower:
Without commaund, contenting vs each hower.
For Arras hangings, and rich Tapeſtrie,
We haue ſweete natures beſt imbrothery.
For thy ſteele glaſſe, wherein thou wontſt to looke,
Thy Chriſtall eyes, gaze in a Chriſtall brooke.
At Court, a flower or two did decke thy head:
Now with whole garlands is it circled.
For what in wealth we want, we haue in flowers,
And what wee looſe in halles, we finde in bowers.

Mar. Marian hath all, ſweete Robert, hauing thee;
And gueſſes thee as rich, in hauing mee.

Rob. I am indeede:
For hauing thee, what comfort can I neede?

Mar. Goe in, goe in.
To part ſuch true loue Robin, it were ſinne. Exeunt.

¶ Enter Prior, ſir *Doncaſter*, Frier *Tucke*.

Pri. To take his bodie, by the bleſſed Roode,
I wold doe me more, than any other, good.

Don. O tis an vnthrift, ſtill the Churchmens foe,
An ill end will betide him, that I knowe.
'Twas hee that vrg'd the king to ſeiſe the clergie,
When to the holy land he tooke his iorney:
And he it is that reſcued thoſe two theeues,
Scarlet and Scathlocke; that ſo manie grieues
To Churchmen did: and now they ſay,
Hee keepes in Sherewood, and himſelfe doth play
The lawleſſe Reuer: heare you, my Lord Prior,
He muſt be taken, or it will be wrong.

Pri. I, and he ſhall bee to.

Tuc. I, I; ſoone ſed: But ere he be, many will lie dead:
Except it be by ſleight.

Don. I there, there, Frier.
Tuck. Giue mee my Lord your execution.
The widowe Scarlets daughter, louely Iinny,
Loues, and is beloued of much the millers sonne,
If I can get the girle to goe with mee,
Disguis'd in habit, like a Pedlers mort,
Ile serue this Execution, on my life,
And single out a time alone to take
Robin, that often careleſſe walkes alone.
Why? answere not, remember what I saide,
Yonder I see comes Iinny, that faire maide:
If wee agree, then back me soone with aide.
¶ Enter Iinny with a fardle.
Prior. Tuck if thou doe it,
Don. Pray you doe not talke.
As we were strangers, let vs careleſſe walke.
Iin. Now to the greene wodde wend I, god me speede.
Tuck. Amen faire maid, and send thee, in thy neede,
Much, that is borne to doe thee much good deeds.
Iin. Are you there Frier? nay then yfaith we haue it.
Tuck. What wenche? my loue?
Iin. I, gee't mee when I craue it.
Tuck. Unaskt I offer, pray thee sweete girle take it.
Iin. Gifts stinke with proffer, foh Frier, I forsake it.
Tuck. I will be kinde.
Iin. Will not your kindneſſe kill here
Tuck. With loue?
Iin. You cogge.
Tuck. Tut girle I am no miller: heare in your eare.
Don. The Frier courts her.
Pri. Tush, let him alone,
He is our Ladies Chaplaine, but serues Ione.
Don. Then, from the Friers fault perchance, it may be
The prouerbe grew, Ione's taken for my Ladie.
Pri. Peace good sir Doncaſter, liſt to the end.

Iinny

Iin. But meane yee faith and troth, ſhall I go weye?
Tuck. Upon my faith, I doe intend good faith.
Iin. And ſhall I haue the pinnes and laces too,
If I beare a Pedlers packe with you?
Tuck. As I am holy Frier, Iinny thou ſhalt.
Iin. Well, there's my hand, ſee Frier you do not halt.
Tuck. Goe but before into the miry mead,
And keepe the path that doth to Farnsfield lead:
Ile into Suthwell, and buy all the knacks,
That ſhall fit both of vs for Pedlers packes.
Iin. Who be they two that yonder walke, I preye?
Tuck. Iinny, I knowe not, be they what they may,
I care not for them, prie thee doe not ſtay:
But make ſome ſpeede, that we were gone away.
Iin. Wel Frier, I truſt you that we go to Sherewod.
Tuck. I by my beads, and vnto Robin Hoode.
Iin. Make ſpeede good Frier. *Exit Iinny.*
Tuck. Iinny, doe not feare,
Lord Prior, now you heare
As much as I: get mee two Pedlers packes,
Points, laces, looking glaſſes, pinnes and knackes:
And let ſir Doncaſter with ſome wight lads,
Followe vs cloſe: and ere theſe fortie howers,
Vpon my life, earle Robert ſhall be ours.
Pri. Thou ſhalt haue any thing, my deareſt Frier,
And in amends, Ile make thee my ſubprior.
Come good ſir Doncaſter, and if wee thriue,
Weele frolicke with the Nunnes of Leeds beliue.

*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter Fitzwater, like an olde man.*

*Fitz.* Well did he write, and mickle did he knowe,
That ſaid this worlds felicitie was woe,
Which greateſt ſtates can hardly vndergoe.
Whilom Fitzwater in faire Englands Court,
Poſſeſt felicitie and happie ſtate:

And in his hall blithe fortune kept her ſport:
Which glee, one howre of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had caſtles, townes, and towers,
Faire gardens, orchards, and delightfull bowers:
But now nor garden, orchard, towne, nor tower
Hath poore *Fitzwater* left within his power.
Only wide walkes are left mee in the world,
Which theſe ſtiffe limmes wil hardly let me tread:
And when I ſleepe, heauens glorious canopy
Mee and my moſſie couch doth ouer-ſpreade.
Of this, iniurious Iohn can not bereaue mee,
The aire and earth he (while I liue) muſt leaue mee.
But from the Engliſh aire and earth, poore man,
His tyranny hath ruthleſſe thee exil'd:
Yet ere I leaue it, Ile do what I can,
To ſee Matilda, my faire luckleſſe childe:

Curtaines open, *Robin Hoode* ſleepes on a greene banke, and *Marian* ſtrewing flowers on him.

And in good time, ſee where my comfort ſtands,
And by her lyes deiected Huntingdon.
Looke how my flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings thoſe ſweetes, vpon my ſleeping ſonne.
Ile cloſe mine eyes as if I wanted ſight,
That I may ſee the end of their delight.

Goes knocking with his ſtaffe.

Mar. What aged man art thou? or by what chance,
Cam'ſt thou thus farre into the wailefſe woode?
Fitz. Widowe or wife, or maiden if thou be,
Lend mee thy hand: thou ſeeſt I cannot ſee.
Bleſſing betide thee, little feel'ſt thou want:
With mee, good childe, foode is both hard and ſcant.
Theſe ſmooth euen vaines, aſſure mee he is kinde,
What ere he be, my girle, that thee doth finde.
I poore and olde am reft of all earths good,
And deſperately am crept into this woode,

To

To ſeeke the poore mans patron, Robin Hoode.
Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome aged man,
I ten times welcome, to maid Marian,
Sit downe olde father, ſit and call me daughter.
O God, how like he lookes to olde Fitzwater! *Runs in.*
Fitz. Is my Matilda cald maid Marian?
I wonder why her name is changed thus.
*Brings wine, meate.*
Mar. Here's wine to cheere thy hart: drink aged man,
There's venſon and a knife, here's manchet fine:
Drinke good old man, I pre you drinke more wine.
My Robin ſtirres, I muſt ſing him a ſleepe.
Rob. Nay, you haue wak't me Marian w̃ your talke.
What man is that, is come within our walke?
Mar. An aged man, a ſilly ſightleſſe man,
Neere pin'd with hunger: ſee how faſt he eates.
Rob. Much good may't doe him. Neuer is good meat
Ill ſpent on ſuch a ſtomacke. Father proface:
To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.
Fitz. I thanke you maſter. Are you Robin Hood?
Rob. Father, I am.
Fitz. God giue your ſoule much good,
For this good meat maid Marian hath giuen mee.
But heare you maſter, can you tell mee newes,
Where faire Matilda is, Fitzwaters daughter.
Rob. Why? here ſhe is, this Marian is ſhee.
Fitz. Why did ſhe chaunge her name?
Rob. What's that to thee?
Fitz. Yes, I could weepe for griefe that it is ſo:
But that my teares are all dryed vp with woe.
Rob. Why? ſhee is cald maid Marian, honeſt friend,
Becauſe ſhe liues a ſpotleſſe maiden life:
And ſhall, till Robins outlawe life haue ende,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long:

For, in his hand is power to right our wrong.
Fitz. If it be thus, I ioy in her names change,
So pure loue in these times is very strange.
Mar. Robin, I thinke it is my aged father.
Rob. Tell mee old man, tell me in curtesie,
Are you no other than you seeme to be?
Fitz. I am a wretched aged man, you see:
If you will doe mee ought for charitie,
Further than this, sweete, doe not question mee.
Rob. You shall haue your desire, but what be these?

¶ Enter Frier *Tucke*, and *Iinny*, like Pedlers, singing.

What lacke ye? what lacke yee? what if ye will buy?
Any points, pins, or laces, any laces, points or pins?
Fine gloues, fine glasses, any buskes, or maskes?
Or any other prettie things?
Come cheape for loue, or buy for money.
Any cony cony skins, (buy.
For laces, points, or pins? faire maids come chuse or
I haue prettie poting sticks,
And many other tricks, come chuse for loue, or buy for money.

Rob. Pedler, I pre thee set thy packe downe here:
Marian shall buy, if thou be not too deare.
Tuck. Iinny, vnto thy mistresse shewe thy packe,
Master for you I haue a pretty knacke:
From farre I brought it, please you see the same.

¶ Enter Frier like a Pedler, and *Iinny*, sir *Doncaster*, and others weaponed.

Fri. Sir Doncaster, are not we Pedlerlike?
Don. Yes, passing fit, and yonder is the bower:
I doubt not wee shall haue him in our power.

Fri.

Fri. You and your companie were beſt ſtand cloſe,
Don. What ſhal the watchword be to bring vs forth?
Fri. Take it I pray, though it be much more worth.
When I ſpeake that aloude, be ſure I ſerue
The execution preſently on him.
Don. Frier, looke to't.
Fri. Now I inny to your ſong. Sings.

¶ Enter *Marian*, *Robin*.

Mar. Pedler, what prettie toyes haue you to ſell?
Fri. Iinny, vnto our miſtreſſe ſhewe your ware.
Mar. Come in good woman. *Exit.*
Fr. Maſter, looke here, and God giue care,
So mote I thee, to her and mee, if euer wee, Robin to thee, that art ſo free, meane treachery.
Rob. On Pedler to thy packe,
If thou loue mee, my loue thou ſhalt not lacke.
Fri. Maſter, in briefe, there is a theefe, that ſeekes your griefe, God ſend reliefe, to you in neede: for a foule deede, if not with ſpeede, you take good heede, there is decreede.
In yonder brake, there lies a ſnake, that meanes to take, out of this woode, the yeoman good, calde Robin Hoode.
Rob. Pedler, I pre thee be more plaine: what brake? what ſnake? what trappe? what traine?
Fri. Robin, I am a holy Frier, ſent by the Prior, who did mee hire, for to conſpire thy endleſſe woe, and ouerthrowe: but thou ſhalt knowe, I am the man, whome little Iohn, from Nottingham, deſir'd to be, a clarke to thee; for hee to mee, ſaide thou wert free, and I did ſee, thy honeſtie; from gallowe tree, when thou doſt free Scathlocke and Scarlet certaine.
Rob. Why then it ſeemes that thou art Frier Tucke.
Fri. Maſter, I am.

Rob. I pray thee frier say,
What treachery is meant to mee this day?
Fri. First winde your horne; then drawe your sworde:
Hee windes his horne.
For I haue giuen a friers worde,
To take your bodie prisoner:
And yield you to sir Doncaster,
The enuious Priest of Hothersfield:
Whose power your bushie wodde doth shielde:
But I will die, ere you shall yield.
¶ Enter little *Iohn*, &c:
And sith your yeomen doe appeare,
Ile giue the watchword without feare:
Take it I pray thee, though it be more worth.
Rushe in Doncaster with his crue.
Don. Smite down, lay hold on outlawed Huntington.
Iohn. Soft hot spurd priest, tis not so quickly done.
Don. Now out alas, the frier and the maide
Haue, to false theeues, sir Doncaster betraide.

¶ Enter *Iohn* crowned, Queene *Elianor*, *Chester*, *Salsbury*, Lord Prior, sit downe all. *Warman* stands.

Ioh. As Gods Vicegerent, Iohn ascends this throne,
His head impal'd with Englands Diademe,
And in his hand the awfull rodde of rule,
Giuing the humble, place of excellence,
And tot he lowe earth, casting downe the proude.
Qu. Such vpright rule, is in each Realme allowed.
Iohn. Chester, you once were *Elies* open friend,
And yet are doubtfull whether he deserue
A publicke triall for his priuate wrongs.
Chest. I still am doubtfull, whether it be fit
To punish priuate faults with publicke shame,
In such a person as Lord *Ely* is.

Prior,

Prior. Yes Honorable Chester, more it fits
To make apparant, sinnes of mightie men,
And on their persons sharpely to correct
A little fault, a very small defect;
Than on the poore, to practise chastisement.
For if a poore man die, or suffer shame,
Only the poore and vile respect the same:
But if the mightie fall, feare then besets
The proud harts of the migtie ones, his mates.
They thinke the world is garnished with nets,
And trappes ordained to intrappe their states.
Which feare, in them, begets a feare of ill,
And makes them good, contrary to their will.

Iohn. Your Lordship hath said right: Lord Salisbury,
Is not your minde as ours, concerning Ely?

Salis. I iudge him worthy of reproofe and shame.

Iohn. Warman, bring forth your prisoner, *Ely* the
And w̄ him, bring the seale that he detains. (Chancellor,
Warman, why goest thou not?

War. Be good to mee my Lord.

Iohn. What hast thou done?

War. Speake for mee my Lord Prior.
All my good Lords, intreate his Grace for mee.
*Ely*, my Lord

Iohn. Why? where is Ely Warman?

War. Fled to day, this mistie morning he is fled away.

Io. O Iudas, whom nor friend, nor foe may trust,
Thinkst thou with teares and plaints to answere this?
Doe I not knowe thy heart? doe not I knowe,
That bribes haue purchast *Ely* this escape?
Neuer make anticke faces, neuer bende,
With fained humblesse, thy still crouching knee;
But with fixt eyes, vnto thy doome attend.
Villaine, Ile plague thee for abusing mee:
Goe hence, and henceforth neuer set thy foote

In houſe or ſelde, thou didſt this day poſſeſſe.
Marke what I ſay, aduiſe thee to looke toot,
Or elſe be ſure thou dieſt remedileſſe.
Nor from thoſe houſes ſee that thou receiue
So much as ſhall ſuſtaine thee for an howre:
But as thou art, goe where thou canſt get friends,
And hee that feedes thee, be mine enemie.
War. O my good Lord.
Ioh. Thou thy good Lord betrayedſt,
And all the world for money thou wilt ſell.
War. What ſaies the Queene?
Q. Why thus I ſay:
Betray thy maſter, thou wilt all betray.
War. My Lords, of Cheſter and of Salſbury?
Both. Speake not to vs, all traitors we deſie.
War. Good my Lord Prior.
Pri. Alas, what can I doe?
War. Then I defie the world: yet I deſire
Your Grace would read this ſuppl cation.

Iohn reades.

Ioh. I thought as much: but Warman doſt thou thinke
There's one moning line to mercie here?
I tell thee no; therefore away, away:
A ſhamefull death followes thy longer ſtay.
War. O poore poore man?
Of miſerable miſerableſt wretch I am. *Exit.*
Iohn. Confuſion be thy guide: a baſer ſlaue
Earth cannot beare, plagues followe him I craue.
Can any tell mee if my Lord of Yorke
Be able to ſit vp.
Qu. The Archbiſhoppes Grace
Was reaſonable well euen now, good ſonne.
Salſ. And he deſir'd mee that I ſhould deſire
Your Maieſtie to ſend vnto his Grace,
If any matter did import his preſence,

Iohn.

Ioh. Wee will our ſelues ſteppe in and viſit him.
Mother, and my good Lords, will you attend vs?
Prior. I gladly will attend your Maieſtie.
Ihon. Now good Lord helpe vs:
When I ſaide good Lords,
I meant not you Lord Prior: Lord I know you are:
But good, God knowes, you neuer meane to bee.
*Exeunt Ihon*, Queene, *Cheſter*, *Salſbury*.
Prior. Iohn is incenſt, and very much I doubt
That villane Warman hath accuſed mee,
About the ſcape of *Ely*: well, ſuppoſe he haue:
Whats that to mee? I am a Cleargie man.
And all his power, if hee all extend,
Cannot preuaile againſt my holy order:
But the Archbiſhoppes Grace is now his friend,
And may perchance attempt to doe me ill.
¶ *Enter a ſeruing man.*
What newes with you ſir?
Ser. Euen beaute newes my Lord: for the light fire
Falling, in manner of a fier Drake,
Vpon a barne of yours, hath burnt ſix barnes,
And not a ſtrike of corne reſeru'd from duſt.
No hand could ſaue it, yet ten thouſand hands,
Labourd their beſt, though none for loue of you:
For euery tongue with bitter curſing band,
Your Lordſhippe as the viper of the land.
Prior. What meant the villanes?
Ser. Thus and thus they crie;
Vpon this churle, this hoorder vp of corne,
This ſpoyler of the Earle of Huntington,
This luſt-defiled, mercileſſe falſe Prior,
Heauen ratgneth vengeance downe in ſhape of fier.
Old wiues that ſcarce could with their crouches creep,
And little babes, that newly learnde to ſpeake,
Yea maſterleſſe that thorough want did weepe,

All in one voice, with a confused cry,
In execrations band you bitterly,
Plague followe plague, they cry, he hath vndone
The good Lord Robert, Earle of Huntington:
And then
What then, thou villane? Get thee from my sight.
They that wish plagues, plagues wil vpon them light.

¶ Enter another seruant.

Pri. What are your tidings?
Ser. The Couent of Saint Maries are agreed,
And haue elected, in your Lordshippes place,
Olde father Ierome, who is stald Lord Prior,
By the newe Archbishoppe.
Pri. Of Yorke thou meanst.
A vengeance on him, he is my hopes foe.

Enter a Herald.

Gilbert de Hood late Prior of Saint Maries,
Our Soueraigne Iohn commandeth thee by mee,
That presently thou leaue this blessed land,
Defiled with the burden of thy sinne.
All thy goods temporall and spirituall,
(With free consent of Hubert Lorde Yorke,
Primate of England and thy Ordinary)
He hath suspended, and vow'd by heauen,
To hang thee vp, if thou depart not hence,
Without delaying or more question:
And that he hath good reason for the same,
He sends this writing firm'd with Warmans hand,
And comes himselfe: whose presence if thou stay,
I feare this Sunne will see thy dying day.
Pri. O, Warman hath betraid mee: woe is mee.

¶ Enter *Iohn*, Queene, *Chester*, *Salsbury*.

Ioh. Hence with that Prior, sirra do not speake,
My eyes are full of wrath, my heart of wreake:
Let Lester come, his hault hart, I am sure,

Will

Will check the kingly course we undertake.

Exeunt cum Prior.

Enter *Lester*, drumme and Ancient.

Iho. Welcome from warre thrice noble earle of Lester:
Unto our Court, welcome most valiant earle.

Lest. Your Court in England, & king Richard gone,
A king in England, and the king from home:
This sight and salutations are so strange,
That what I should, I know not how to speake.

Ioh. What would you say? speake boldly, we intreat.

Lest. It is not feare, but wonder barres my speach;
I muse to see a mother and a Queene,
Two Peeres, so great as Salsbury and Chester,
Sit and support proud vsurpation,
And see king Richards crowne, worne by earle Iohn.

Qu. He sits as viceroy and a substitute.

Chest. He must and shal resigne when Richard comes.

Sals. Chester, he will without your must and shall.

Lest. Whether he will or no, he shall resigne.

Ioh. You knowe your own will Lester, but not mine.

Lest. Tell me among ye, where is reuerent *Ely*,
Left by our meade king, as his deputie?

Iohn. Banisht he is, as proud vsurpers should.

Lest. Pride then, belike, was enemy to pride:
Ambition in your selfe, his state enuied.
Where is Fitzwater, that old honoured Lord?

Ioh. Dishonourd and exil'd, as Ely is.

Lest. Exil'd he may be, but dishonourd neuer:
He was a feareless souldier, and a vertuous scholler,
But where is Huntington, that noble youth?

Chest. Vndoone by ryot.

Lest. Ah, the greater ruth.

Iohn. Lester, you question more than doth become you:
On to the purpose, why you come to vs.

Lest. I came to *Ely*, and to all the State,

Sent by the king, who three times ſent before,
To haue his ranſome brought to Auſtria:
And if you be elected deputie,
Doe as you ought, and ſend the ranſome money.
Ioh. Leſter, you ſee I am no deputie:
And Richards ranſome if you doe require,
Thus wee make anſwere: Richard is a king,
In Cyprus, Acon, Acres, and rich Paleſtine:
To get thoſe kingdomes England lent him men,
And many a million of her ſubſtance ſpent,
The very entrails of her wombe was rent.
No plough but paid a ſhare, no nee by hand,
But from his poore eſtate of penurie,
Vnto his voyage offered more than mites,
And more, poore ſoules, than they had might to ſpare:
Yet were they ioyfull. For ſtill flying newes,
And lying I perceiue them now to be,
Came of king Richards glorious victories,
His conqueſt of the Souldans, and ſuch tales,
As blew them vp with hope, when he returnd,
He would haue ſcattered gold about the ſtreetes.
Leſt. Doe Princes fight for gold? O leaden thought!
Your father knewe, that honour was the aime
Kings leuell at: by ſweete Saint Iohn I ſweare,
You vrge mee ſo that I cannot forbeare.
What doe you tell of money lent the king,
When firſt he went into this holy warre?
As if he had extorted from the poore,
When you, the Queene, and all that heare me ſpeake,
Know with what zeale the people gaue their goods:
Olde wiues tooke ſiluer buckles from their belts,
Young maids the gilt pins that tuckt vp their traines,
Children their prettie whiſtles from their neckes,
And euery man what he did moſt eſteeme,
Crying to ſouldiours; Weare theſe gifts of ours.

This

This prooues that Richard had no neede to wrong,
Or force the people, that with willing hearts
Gaue more than was desir'd. And where you say,
You guesse Richards victories but lies:
I sweare he wan rich Cyprus with his sworde:
And thence, more glorious than the guide of Greece,
That brought so huge a fleete to Tenedos,
He saild along the Mediterran sea:
Where on a Sunbright morning he did meete
The warlike souldiours, well prepared fleete.
O still mee thinkes I see king Richard stand,
In his guilt armour staind with Pagans blood,
Upon a gallies prowe, like warres fierce God,
And on his crest, a Crucifix of golde.
O that daies honour can be neuer tolde:
Six times six seuerall Brigandines he boarded,
And in the greedie waues flung wounded Turkes,
And three times thrice the winged Gallies bankes,
(Wherin the Souldans sonne was Admirall)
In his owne person royall Richard smooth'd,
And left no heathen hand to be vpheau'd
Against the Christian souldiers.

Iohn. Lester, so:
Did he all this?

Lest. I by God hee did,
And more than this; nay least at it Iohn:
I sweare hee did, by Lesters faith hee did,
And made the greene sea red with Pagan blood,
Leading to Ioppa, glorious victory,
And following feare that fled vnto the foe.

Iohn. All this hee did, perchance all this was so.

Lest. Holy God helpe mee, souldiers come away:
This carpet knight sits carping at our scarres,
And iealts at those most glorious well fought warres.

Joh. Letter, you are too hot: stay, goe not yet:

Me thinkes, if Richard wonne theſe victories,
The wealthie kingdomes, he hath conquered,
May better than poore England pay his ranſome.
He left this Realme as a young orphant maid,
To Ely, the ſtepfather of this ſtate,
That ſtript the virgin to her very ſkinne:
And Leſter, had not Iohn more carefull bin (bin.
Than Richard, at this howre, Englād had not Englād
Therefore good warlike Lord, take this in briefe:
We wiſh king Richard well,
But can ſend no reliefe.
Leſt. O, let not my heart breake wᵗ inward griefe.
Ioh. Yes let it Leſter, it is not amiſſe,
That twenty ſuch hearts breake, as your heart is.
Leſt. Are you a mother? were you Englands Queene?
Were Henry, Richard, Gefferey (your ſonnes)
All ſonnes, but Richard, ſunne of all thoſe ſonnes?
And can you let this little meteor,
This ignis Fatuus, this ſame wandring fire,
This Goblin of the night, this brand, this ſparke,
Seeme through a lanthorne, greater than he is?
By heauen you doe not well, by earth you doe not.
Cheſter, nor you, nor you eatle Salſbury,
Ye doe not, no yee doe not what yee ſhould.
Q. Were this Beare looſe, how he wold tear our mawes.
Che. Pale death & vengeance dwel within his iawes.
Salſ. But we can muzzle him, and binde his pawes,
If king Iohn ſay we ſhall, wee will indeede.
Ioh. Doe if you can.
Leſt. Its well thou haſt ſome feare!
No curres, ye haue no teethe to baite this Beare.
I will not bid mine enſigne bearer waue
My tottered colours in this worthleſſe aire,
Which your vile breathes vilely contaminate.
Beare, thou haſt bene my Auncient bearer long,

And

And borne vp Lesters Beare in forren lands:
Yet now resigne these colours to my hands.
For I am full of griefe, and full of rage.
Iohn, looke vpon mee, thus did Richard take
The coward Austrias colours in his hand,
And thus he cast them vnder Acon walles,
And thus he trod them vnderneath his feete.
Rich colours, how I wrong ye by this wrong!
But I will right yee: Beare, take them againe,
And keepe them euer, euer them maintaine.
We shall haue vse for them I hope, ere long.
Ioh. Darest thou attempt thus proudly in our sight?
Lest. What ist a subiect dares, that I dare not?
Sals. Dare subiects dare, their Soueraigne being by?
Lest. O God, that my true Soueraigne were ny.
Qu. Lester, he is.
Lest. Madam, by God you ly.
Chest. Unmannerd man.
Lest. A plague of reuerence,
Where no regard is had of excellence. Sound drum.
But you will quit mee nowe; I heare your drummes,
Your principalitie hath stird vp men,
And now ye thinke to muzzle vp this Beare:
Still they come nearer, but are not the neare.
Ioh. What drums are these?
Sals. I thinke some friends of yours
Prepare a power to resist this wrong.
Lest. Let them prepare; for Lester is preparde,
And thus he wooes his willing men to fight;
Soulsiers, yee see king Richards open wrong,
Richard that led yee to the glorious East,
And made yee treade vpon the blessed land,
Where he, that brought all Christians blessednesse,
Was borne, liued, wrought his miracles, and died,
From death arose, and then to heauen ascended;

Whoſe true religious faith ye haue defended.
Yee fought, and Richard taught yee how to fight,
Againſt prophane men, following Mahomet:
But if ye note, they did their kings their right,
Theſe more than heathen, ſacrilegious men,
Profeſſing Chriſt, baniſh Chriſts champion hence,
Their lawfull Lord, their homeborne Soueraigne,
With pettie quarrels, and with ſlight pretence.

¶ Enter *Richmond*, ſouldiers.

O let me be as ſhort as time is ſhort,
For the arm'd foe is now within our ſight.
Remember how gainſt ten, one man did fight,
So hundreds againſt thouſands, haue borne head:
You are the men that euer conquered.
If multitudes oppreſſe ye that ye die,
Lets ſell our liues, and leaue them valiantly:
Courage, vpon them, till wee cannot ſtand.

Ioh. Richmond is ponder.

Qu. I, and ſonne, I thinke,
The king is not farre off.

Cheſt. Now heauen forfend.

*Leſt.* Why ſmite ye not, but ſtand thus cowardly?

Rich. If Richmond hurt good Leſter, let him die.

*Leſt.* Richmond, O pardon mine offending eye,
That tooke thee for a foe; welcome braue friend;
Where is my Soueraigne Richard? Thou and he
Were both in Auſtria: *Richmond*, comfort mee,
And tell mee where he is, and how he fares.
O, for his ranſome, many thouſand cares
Haue mee afflicted.

*Rich. Leſter*, he is come to London,
And will himſelfe to faithleſſe Auſtria,
Like a true king, his promiſ'd ranſome beare.

*Leſt.* At London ſaiſt thou *Richmond*, is he there?
Farewell, I will not ſtay to tell my wrongs,

To theſe pale coloured, hartleſſe, guiltie Lords.
Richmond, you ſhall goe with mee, doe not ſtay,
And I will tell you wonders by the way.
*Rich.* The king did doubt you had ſome iniury,
And therefore ſent this power to reſcue yee.
Leſt. I thanke his Grace. Madam adieu, adieu,
Ile to your ſonne, and leaue your ſhade with you.
Exeunt.
Ioh. Marke how he mocks mee, calling me your ſhade.
Cheſter and Salſbury, ſhall wee gather power,
And keepe what we haue got?
Cheſt. And in an howre,
Be taken, iudg'd, and headed with diſgrace?
Salſbury, what ſay you?
Salſ. My Lord, I bid your excellence adieu.
I, to king Richard, will ſubmit my knee,
I haue good hope his Grace will pardon mee.
Cheſt. And Salſbury, Ile goe along with thee.
Farewell Queene mother, fare you well Lord Iohn.
Ioh. Mother, ſtay you,
Qu. Not I ſonne, by Saint Anne,
Ioh. Will you not ſtay?
Qu. Goe with me: I will doe the beſt I may,
To beg my ſonnes forgiueneſſe of my ſonne. Exit.
Iohn. Goe by your ſelfe. By heauen twas long of you,
I roſe to fall ſo ſoone. Leſter and Richmonds true,
They come to take me. Now too late I rue
My proud attempt: like falling Phaeton,
I periſh from my guiding of the ſunne.
Leſt. I will goe backe yfaith once more and ſee,
Whether this mock-king and the mother Queene,
And who's heres neither Queene nor Lord.
What, king of Crickets, is there none but you? (right:
Come off, off: this crowne, this ſcepter are king Richards

Beare thou them Richmond, thou art his true knight.
You would not ſend his ranſome, gentle Iohn:
He's come to fetch it now. Come wily Fox,
Now you are ſtript out of the Lyons caſe,
What, dare you looke the Lyon in the face?
The Engliſh Lyon, that in Auſtria,
With his ſtrong hand, puld out a Lyons heart.
Good Richmond tell it mee; for Gods ſake doe:
Oh, it does mee good to heare his glories tolde.
*Richm.* Leſter, I ſaw king Richard with his fiſt,
Strike deade the ſonne of Auſtrian Leopold,
And then I ſawe him, by the Dukes commaund,
Compaſt and taken by a troope of men,
Who led king Richard to a Lyons denne,
Opening the dooze and in a paued court,
The cowards left king Richard weaponleſſe.
Anone comes forthe the fier-eyde dreadfull beaſt,
And with a heart-amazing voice he roarde,
Opening (like hell) his iron toothed iawes,
And ſtretching out his fierce death-threatning pawes,
I tell thee *Leſter*, and I ſmile thereat,
(Though then, God knowes, I had no power to ſmile)
I ſtoode by treacherous Auſtria all the while:
Who in a gallery, with iron grates,
Staid to beholde king Richard made a prey.
Leſt. What waſt, thou ſmileſt at in Auſtria?
*Rich.* Leſter, he ſhooke, ſo helpe me God, he ſhooke,
With very terrour, at the Lyons looke.
Leſt. Ah coward: but goe on what Richard did?
*Rich.* Richard about his right hand wound a ſcarfe
(God quit her for it) giuen him by a maide,
With endleſſe good may that good deede be paid,
And thruſt that arme downe the deuowring throat
Of the fierce Lyon, and withdrawing it,
Drewe out the ſtrong heart of the monſtrous beaſt,

And

And left the ſenſeleſſe bodie on the ground.
Leſt. O royall Richard! Richmond, looke on Iohn:
Does he not quake in hearing this diſcourſe?
Come, we will leaue him Richmond, let vs goe,
Iohn, make ſute for grace, yᵗ is your meane you knowe.
Exeunt.

Ioh. A miſchiefe on that Leſter: is he gone?
I were beſt goe too, leaſt in ſome mad fit,
He turne againe, and leaue me priſoner.
Southward I dare not flie: faine faine I would,
To Scotland bend my courſe: but all the woodes
Are full of Outlawes, that in Rendall greene,
Followe the outlawed earle of Huntington,
Well, I will cloath my ſelfe in ſuch a ſute,
And by that meanes alwell ſcape all purſuite,
As paſſe the daunger-threatning Huntington:
For hauing many outlawes theyl thinke mee,
By my attire, one of their mates to be. Exit.

¶ Enter *Scarlet*, *Iohn*, and Frier *Tucke*.

Fri. Scarlet and Iohn, ſo God me ſaue,
No minde vnto my beades I haue:
I thinke it be a luckleſſe day:
For I can neither ſing, nor ſay,
Nor haue I any power to looke,
On Portaſſe, or on Mattins booke.
Scar. What is the reaſon, tell vs Frier?
Fri. And would yee haue mee be no lyer.
Ioh. No: God defend that you ſhould lie,
A Churchman be a lyer? fie.
Fri. Then by this hallowed Crucifixe,
The holy water, and the pixe,
It greatly at my ſtomacke ſtickes,
That all this day we had no gueſſe,
And haue of meate ſo many a meſſe.

*Much* bring out *Ely*, like a country man with a basket.

Much. Well: and ye be but a market, ye are but a market man.

*Ely*. I am ſure ſir, I doe you no hurt, doe I?

Scar. Wee ſhall haue company, no doubt:
My fellowe Much hath founde one out.

Fri. A fox, a fox: as I am Frier,
Much is well worthie of good hire.

Ioh. Say Frier ſoothly knoweſt thou him?

*Fri*. It is a wolfe in a ſheepes ſkinne.
Goe call our maſter, little Iohn,
A glad man will he be anone:
It's *Ely* man, the Chancelor.

Ioh. Gods pittie looke vnto him, Frier. Exit Iohn.

Much. What, ha ye egges to ſell old fellowe?

*Ely*. I ſir, ſome fewe, and thoſe my neede conſtraines mee beare to Mansfield,
That I may ſell them there, to buy me bread.

Scar. Alas good man: I pre the where doſt dwell?

Ely. I dwell at Oxen ſir.

Scar. I knowe the towne.

Much. Alas poore fellow, if thou dwell with Oxen,
It's ſtrange they doe not gore thee with their hornes.

*Ely*. Maſters, I tell yee truly where I dwell,
And whether I am going; let mee goe:
Your maſter would be much diſpleaſ'd I knowe,
If he ſhould heare, you hinder poore men thus.

Fri. Father, one word with you before we part.

Much. Scarlet, the Frier will make vs haue anger all:
Farewell, and beare me witneſſe, though I ſtaid him,
I ſtaid him not:
An olde fellowe, and a market man. *Exit.*

Fri. Whoop! In your riddles Much: then we ſhall hart,

Scar. What doſt thou Frier: pre thee let him goe.

Fri.

Fri. I pre the Scarlet let vs two alone.
Ely. Frier, I see thou knowest me, let me goe:
And many a good turne I to thee will owe.
Fri. My maisters seruice bids me answere no:
Yet loue of holy churchmen wils it so.
Well, good my Lord, I will doe what I may
To let your holinesse escape away:

¶ Enter *Robin.*

Here comes my master, if he question you,
Answere him like a plaine man, and you may passe.
Ely. Thankes Frier.
Fri. O, my Lord thinkes mee an Asse.
Rob. Frier, what honest man is there with thee?
Fri. A silly man, good master. I will speake for you:
Stand you aloofe, for feare they note your face.
Master in plaine, it were but in vaine, long to detaine,
with topes & with babies, with fond fained fables: but
him that you see, in so mean degree, is the Lord *Ely*, that
helpt to exile you, that oft did reuile you. Though in his
fall, his traine be but small, and no man at all, will giue
him the wall, nor Lord doth him call: Yet he did ride,
on Jennets pide, and knightes by his side, did foote it
each tide: O see the fall of pride.
Rob. Frier, enough.
Fri. I pray sir let him goe,
He is a very simple man in showe,
He dwelles at Oxen, and to vs doth say,
To Mansfield market he doth take his way.
Iob. Frier, this is not Mansfields market day.
Rob. What would hee sell?
Fri. Egges sir, as he sates.
Rob. Scarlet, goe thy waies, take in this olde man,
Fill his skinne with venson:
And after giue him money for his egges.
Ely. No sir I thanke you, I haue promised them

To maſter Bailies wife of Mansfield, all.
Rob. May ſir you doe me wrong:
No Baily, nor his wife ſhall haue an egge.
Scarlet, I ſay, take his egges, and giue him money.
*Ely.* Pray ſir,
Fri. Tuſh, let him haue your egges.
Ely. Faith I haue none.
Fri. Gods pittie, then he will finde you ſoone.
Scar. Here are no egges, nor any thing but hay.
Yes by the maſſe, here's ſomewhat like a ſcale. (ſcale.
Rob. O God, my Princes ſcale, faire Englands royall
Tell mee, thou man of death, thou wicked man,
How cam'ſt thou by this ſcale: wilt thou not ſpeake?
Bring burning irons, I will make him ſpeake.
For I doe knowe the poore diſtreſſed Lord,
The kings Vicegerent, learned reuerend *Ely*,
Flying the furie of ambitious Iohn,
Is murdred by this peaſant. Speake vile man,
Where thou haſt done thrice Honorable Ely?
Ely. Why doſt thou grace Ely with ſtiles of Grace,
Who thee with all his power ſought to diſgrace?
Rob. Belike his wiſdome ſawe ſome fault in mee.
*Ely.* No I aſſure thee Honorable earle:
It was his enuie, no defect of thine,
And the perſwaſions of the Prior of Yorke,
Which Ely now repents; ſee Huntington,
*Ely* himſelfe, and pittie him, good ſonne.
Rob. Alas for woe, alack that ſo greate ſtate
The malice of this world ſhould ruinate.
Come in great Lord, ſit downe and take thy eaſe,
Receiue the ſcale and pardon my offence,
With me you ſhall be ſafe and if you pleaſe,
Till Richard come, from all mens violence:
Aged Fitzwater, baniſhed by Iohn,
And his faire daughter ſhall conuerſe with you:

I and my men that me attend vpon,
Shall giue you all that is to Honour due.
Will you accept my seruice, noble Lord?
*Ely.* Thy kindnesse driues me to such inward shame,
That for my life, I no reply can frame.
Goe, I will followe, blessed maist thou bee,
That thus releeu'st thy foes in miserie. *Exeunt.*
Ioh. Skelton, a worde or two beside the play.
Fri. Now sir Iohn Eltam, what ist you would say?
Ihon. Me thinks I see no feasts of Robin Hoode,
No merry Notices of Frier Tuck,
No pleasant skippings vp and downe the woode,
No hunting songs, no coursing of the Bucke:
Pray God this Play of ours may haue good lucke,
And the kings Maiestie millike it not.
Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?
I promist him a Play of Robin Hoode,
His honorable life, in merry Sherewod;
His Maiestie himselfe surnaid the plat,
And bad me boldly write it, it was good.
For merry iests, they haue bene showne before,
As how the Frier fell into the Well,
For loue of Iinny that faire bonny bell:
How Greeneleafe robd the Shriene of Notingham,
And other mirthfull matter, full of game.
Our play erpresses noble Roberts wrong,
His milde forgetting trecherous iniurie:
The Abbots malice, rak't in cinders long,
Breakes out at last with Robins Tragedie.
If these that heare the history rehearst,
Condemne my Play when it begins to spring,
Ile let it wither while it is a budde,
And neuer shewe the flower to the King.
Iohn. One thing beside; you fall into your vaine,
Of ribble rabble rimes, Skeltonicall,

So oft and ſtand ſo long, that you offend.
Fri. It is a fault I hardly can amend
O how I champe my tongue to talke theſe tearmes,
I doe forget oft times my Friers part:
But pull mee by the ſleeue when I exceede,
And you ſhall ſee mee mend that fault indeede.
Wherefore ſtill ſit you, both Skelton intreat you,
While he facetè wil breefely repeate you, the hiſtory al,
And tale tragical, by whoſe treachery, and baſe iniury,
Robin the good, calde Robin Hood, died in Sherewodde:
Which till you ſee, be rul'd by me, ſit patiently, & giue
a plaudite, if any thing pleaſe yee. *Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter Warman.*

War. Baniſht from all, of all am I bereft,
No more than what I weare, vnto me left,
O wretched, wretched griefe, deſertfull fall:
Striuing to get all, I am reft of all:
Yet if I could a while my ſelfe releeue,
Till Ely be in ſome place ſettled,
A double reſtitution ſhould I get,
And theſe ſharpe ſorrowes that haue ioy ſuppreſt,
Should turne to ioy with double intereſt.

¶ *Enter a gentleman, Warmans* coſin.

And in good time, here comes my coſin Warman,
Whome I haue often pleaſur'd in my time:
His houſe at Bingham I beſtow'd on him:
And therefore doubt not, he will giue me houſe-roome.
Good euen good coſin.
Coſ. O couſen Warman, what good newes with you?
War. Whether ſo farre a foot walk you in Sherewod?
Coſ. I came from Rotheram, and by hither Farnsfield
My horſe did tire, and I walkt home a foote.
War. I doe beſeech you couſen at ſome friends,
Or at your owne houſe for a weeke or two,
Giue me ſome ſuccour.

Coſ.

Cos. Ha: succour say you?
No sir: I heard at Mansfield how the matter stands,
How you haue luckly lost your goods and lands,
And that the Princes indignation
Will fall on any that relieues your state.
Away from mee, your trecheries I hate.
You when your noble master was vndoone
(That honourable minded Huntington)
Who forwarder than you, all to distraine:
And as a wolfe that chaseth on the plaine,
The harmelesse hinde: so wolfe-like you pursued
Him and his seruants: vile ingratitude,
Damnd Iudaisme, false wrong, abhorred trechery,
Impious wickednesse, wicked impietie.
Out, out vpon thee, foh, I spit at thee.
War. Good cosen.
Cos. Away, Ile spurne thee if thou followe me. Exit.
War. O iust heauen, how thou plagu'st iniquitie!
All that he has, my hand on him bestowed:
My master gaue mee all I euer owed:
My maister I abus'd in his distresse:
In mine, my kinsman leaues me comfortlesse.
¶ Enter Iayler of *Notingham*, leading a dog.
Here comes another, one that yesterday
Was at my seruice, came when I did call,
And him I made Iayler of Notingham,
Perchance some pittie dwelles within the man.
Iaylor, well met, dost thou not know me man?
Iay. Yes, thou art Warman; euery knaue knowes thee.
War. Thou knowest I was thy master yesterday.
Iay. I, but tis not as it was, farewell, goe by.
War. Good George relieue my bitter misery.
Iay. By this flesh and bloode I will not,
No if I do, the diuell take me quicke.
I haue no money: begger balk the way.
War, I doe not aske thee money.

Iay. Wouldſt ha meate?
War. Would God I had a little breade to eate.
Iay. Soft, let me feele my bagge. O heare is meate,
That I put vp at Redford for my dogge,
I care not greatly if I giue him this.
War. I pre thee doe:
Yet let me ſearch my conſcience for it firſt:
My dogge's my ſeruant, faithfull, truſtie, true:
But Warman was a traitor to his Lord,
A reprobate, a raſcall, and a Iewe,
Worſer than dogges, of men to be abhord.
Starue therefore Warman, dogge receiue thy due;
Followe me not, leaſt I belabour you,
You halfe-fac't groat, you thick-cheekt chittiface,
You Iudas, villane, you that haue vndoone
The honourable, Robert, earle of Huntington. Exit.
War. Worſe than a dogge, the villane me reſpects,
His dogge hee feedes, mee in my neede reiects.
What ſhall I doe? yonder I ſee a ſhed,
A little cottage, where a woman dwelles,
Whoſe husband I from death deliuered:
If ſhe denie mee, then I faint and die.
Ho goodwife Tomſon?
Wo. What a noyſe is there?
A foule ſhame on yee: is it you that knockt?
War. What, doe you knowe mee then?
Wo. Whoop, who knowes not you?
The beggerd banisht ſhrieue of Notingham,
You that betraid your maſter, ist not you?
Yes, a ſhame on you: and forſooth ye come,
To haue ſome ſuccour here, becauſe you ſau'd,
My vnthrift husband from the gallowe tree.
A pox vpon yee both: would both for me,
Were hang'd together; but ſoft, let mee ſee:
The man lookes faint: feelſt thou indeede diſtreſſe?

War.

War. O doe not mocke me in my heauineſſe.
Wo. Indeede I doe not: well I haue within,
A caudle made, I will goe fetch it him.
War. O bleſſed woman, comfortable word:
Be quiet intrals, you ſhall be releeu'd:
Wo. Here Warman, put this hêpen caudle ore thy head:
See downeward, ponder is thy maſters walke,
And like a Iudas, on ſome rotten tree,
Hang vp this rotten trunke of miſerie:
That goers by, thy wretched end may ſee.
Stirr'ſt thou not villane? get thee from my doore:
A plague vpon thee, haſte and hang thy ſelfe,
Runne rogue away: tis thou that haſt vndone
Thy noble maſter, earle of Huntington.
War. Good counſell, and good comfort by my faith:
Three Doctors are of one opinion,
That Warman muſt make ſpeede to hang himſelfe:
The laſt hath giuen a caudle comfortable,
That to recure my griefes is ſtrong and able:
Ile take her medcine, and Ile chuſe this way,
Wherein ſhe ſaith my maſter hath his walke;
There will I offer life for trechery,
And hang, a wonder to all goers by.
But ſoft what ſound hermonious is this?
What birds are theſe, that ſing ſo cheerefully,
As if they did ſalute the flowring ſpring?
Fitter it were, with tunes more dolefully
They ſhriekt out ſorrowe; than thus cheerely ſing.
I will goe ſeeke ſad deſperations cell:
This is not it, for here are greene-leau'd trees.
Ah for one winter-bitten bared bough,
Whereon, a wretched life, a wretch would leeſe.
O here is one: thrice bleſſed be this tree,
If a man curſed, may a bleſſing giue

¶ Enter old Fitzwater.

But out alas, yonder comes one to me,
To hinder death, when I detest to liue.
Fitz. What woefull voice heare I within this wood?
What wretch is there complaines of wretchednesse?
War. A man, old man, bereau'd of all earths good,
And desperately seekes death in this distresse.
Fitz. Seeke not for that which will be here too soone,
At least if thou be guiltie of ill deedes.
Where art thou sonne? come and neerer sit,
Heare wholsome counsell, gainst vnhallowed thoughts.
War. The man is blinde. Muffle the eye of day,
Ye gloomie clouds (and darker than my deedes,
That darker be than pitchie sable night)
Mutter together on these high topt trees,
That not a sparke of light thorough their sprayes,
May hinder what I meane to execute.
Fitz. What dost thou mutter? heare mee wofull man.

¶ *Enter Marian*, with meate.

Mari. God morrowe father.
Fitz. Welcome louely maide,
And in good time, I trust you hither come:
Looke if you see not a distressefull man,
That to himselfe intendeth violence:
One such euen now was here and is not farre:
Seeke I beseech you, saue him if you may.
Mar. Alas here is, here is a man enrag'd,
Fastning a halter on a withered bough,
And stares vpon mee, with such frighted lookes,
As I am fearefull of his sharpe aspect. (dee.
Fitz. What meanst thou wretch? say, what ist thou wilt
War. As Iudas did, so I intend to doe.
For I haue done alreadie as he did:
His master he betraid: so I haue mine.
Faire mistresse looke not on me with your blessed eyne.

From

From them as from some excellence diuine,
Sparkles sharpe iudgement, and commaunds w̄ speede
Faire, fare you well: foule fortune is my fate:
As all betraiers, I die desperate.

Fitz. Soft sir, goe Marian call in Robin Hoode:
Tis Warman woman, that was once his steward.

Mar. Alas, although it be, yet saue his life:
I will sende helpe vnto you presently. Exit.

Fitz. Nay Warman stay, thou shalt haue thy will.

War. Art thou a blinde man, and canst see my shame?
To hinder treachers, God restoreth sight,
And giueth infants tongues to cry alowde,
A wofull woe against the trecherous.

¶ Enter *Much* running.

Much. Hold, hold, hold. I heare say, my fellowe Warman is about to hang himselfe, and I make some speede to saue him a labour. O good master Iustice Shriue, haue you execution in hand, and is there such a murren among theeues and hangmen, that you play two parts in one? For old inquaintance, I wil play one part: The knot vnder the eare, the knitting to the tree: Good master Warman, leaue that worke for mee.

War. Dispatch me Much, & I will pray for thee.

Much. Nay keepe your praiers, no bodie sees vs.

He takes the rope, and offers to clime.

Fitz. Downe sirra, downe: whether a knaues name clime you?

Much. A plague on ye for a blinde sinksanker: would I were your match: you are much blinde ifaith, can hit so right.

¶ Enter little *Iohn*.

Iohn. What master Warman, are yee come to yield A true account for your false stewardshippe?

¶ Enter *Sarlet* and *Scathlocke*.

Scath. Much, if thou meanst to get a hundred pound,
Present vs to the shrieue of Notingham.

Much. Maſſe, I thinke there was ſuch a purclamation.
Come my ſmall fellowe Iohn,
You ſhall haue halfe, and therefore bring in one.
Iohn. No, my big fellow, honeſt maſter Much,
Take all vnto your ſelfe, ile be no halfe.
Much. Then ſtand, you ſhall be the two theeues, and
I will be the preſenter.
O maſter Shrieue of Notingham,
When eares vnto my tydings came
(Ile ſpeake in proſe, I miſſe this verſe vilely) that Scathlock and Scarlet were arreſted by Robin Hood my maſter, and little Iohn my fellowe, and I Much his ſeruant, and taken from you maſter Shrieue, being well forward in the hanging way, wherein yee now are (and God keepe yee in the ſame) & alſo ỳ you maſter Shrieue would giue any man in towne, citie, or contrey, a hundred pound of lawfull arrant money of Englande, that would bring ỳ ſame two theeues, being theſe two: now I, the ſaid Much, chalenge of you the ſaide Shrieue, bringing them, the ſame money.
Scar. Faith, he can not pay thee, Much.
Much. I, but while this end is in my hand, and that about his necke, he is bound to it.

*Enter Robin, Ely, Marian.*

War. Mock on, mock on: make me your ieaſting game,
I doe deſerue much more than this ſmall ſhame.
Rob. Diſconſolate and poore detected man,
Caſt from thy necke that ſhamefull ſigne of death.
And liue for mee, if thou amende thy life,
As much in fauour as thou euer didſt.
War. O worſe than any death,
When a man, wrongd, his wronger pitties.
Ely. Warman, be comforted, riſe and amend.
On my word Robin Hoode will be thy friend.
Rob. I will indeede: go in, heart-broken man.
Father Fitzwater, pray you leade him in.

Kinde

Binde Marian, with ſweete comforts comfort him,
And my tall yeomen, as you mee affect,
Vpbraide him not with his forepaſſed life.
Warman, goe in, goe in and comfort thee.
War. O God requite your Honours curteſie.
Mar, Scathlocke or Scarlet, helpe vs ſome of yee.
*Exeunt* Warman, Marian, Fitzwater, Scathlock, Scarlet, Much, Enter Frier *Tucke* in his truſſe, without his weede.

Fri. Jeſu benedicite, pittie on pittie, mercie on mercy, miſery on miſery; O ſuch a ſight, as by this light, doth mee affright.
Rob. Tell vs the matter, prie thee holy Frier.
Fri. Sir Doncaſter the Prieſt, and the proud Prior
Are ſtript and wounded in the way to Bawtrey,
And if there goe not ſpedie remedie,
Theyl die, theyl die in this extreamitie.
Rob. Alas, direct vs to that wretched place:
I loue mine vncle, though he hateth mee.
Fri. My weede I caſt to keepe them from the colde,
And linny gentle girle tore all her ſmocke,
The bloudie iſſue of their wounds to ſtoppe.
Rob. Will you goe with vs, my good Lord of Ely?
Ely. I will, and euer praiſe thy perfect charitie.
¶ Enter Prince *Iohn*, *ſolus*, in greene, bowe and arrowes.
Iohn. Why this is ſomewhat like, now may I ſing,
As did the Wakefield Pinder in his note;
At Michaelmas commeth my couenant out,
My maſter giues me my fee:
Then Robin Ile weare thy Kendall greene,
And wend to the greene wodde with thee.
But for a name now, Iohn it muſt not bee,
Already little Iohn on him attends.
Greeneſleafe? May ſurely there's ſuch a one already:
Well, Ile be Wodnet, hap what happen may.
Enter Scathlocke.

Here comes a greene cote(good lucke be my guide)
Some ſodaine ſhift might helpe me to prouide.
Scath. What fellow William, did you meete our maſter?
Iohn. I did not meete him yet my honeſt friend.
Scath. My honeſt friend? why, what a terme is here?
My name is Scathlocke, man, and if thou be
No other than thy garments ſhewe to mee,
Thou art my fellowe, though I knowe thee not.
What is thy name? when wert thou entertaind?
Ioh. My name is Woodnet, and this very day,
My noble maſter, earle of Huntington,
Did giue mee both my fee and liuerie.
Scath. Your noble maſter, earle of Huntington?
Ile lay a crowne you are a counterfait,
And that you knowe, lacks money of a Noble.
Did you receiue your liuery and fee,
And neuer heard our orders read vnto you?
What was the oath was giuen you by the Frier?
Ioh. Who? Frier Tuck? Enter *Frier Tucke.*
Scath. I doe not play the lyer:
For he comes here himſelfe to ſhriue.
Iohn. Scathlock farewell, I will away.
Scath. See you this arrowe? it ſaies nay.
Through both your liues ſhall fly this feather,
If preſently you come not hither.
Fri. Now heauens true liberalitie
Fall euer for his charitie,
Vpon the heade of Robin Hoode,
That to his very foes doth good.
Lord God, how he laments the Prior,
And bathes his wounds againſt the fier.
Faire Marian, God requite it her,
Doth euen as much for Doncaſter,
Whome newly ſhe hath laine in bed,
To reſt his weary wounded head.
Scath. Ho Frier Tuck, knowe you this mate?

Fri.

Fri. Whats hee?
Scath. He ſaith my maſter late,
Gaue him his fee and liuery.
Fri. It is a leaſing, credit mee.
How chance ſir then you were not ſworne?
Iohn. What meane this groome and lozell Frier,
So ſtrictly matters to inquire?
Had I a ſwozd and buckler here,
You ſhould aby theſe queſtions deare.
Fri. Saiſt thou me ſo lad? lend him thine,
Foz in this buſh here lyeth mine:
Now will I try this newcome gueſt.
Scath. I am his firſt man, Frier Tuck,
And if I faile and haue no lucke,
Then thou with him ſhalt haue a plucke.
Fri. Be it ſo Scathlocke: holde thee lad,
No better weapons can be had:
The dewe doth them a little ruſt:
But heare yee, they are tooles of truſt.
Iohn. Gramercy Frier foz this gift,
And if thou come vnto my ſhzift,
Ile make thee call thoſe fellowes fooles
That on their foes beſtowe ſuch tooles.
Scath. Come let vs too't.
Fight, and the Frier lookes on.
Fri. The youth is deliuer and light,
He pzelleth Scathlocke with his might:
Now by my beades to doe him right,
I thinke he be ſome tryed knight.
Scath. Stay, let vs breath.
Ioh. I will not ſtay:
If you leaue, Frier, come away.
Scath. I pze the Frier holde him play.
Fri. Frier Tuck will doe the beſt he may.
Fight. Enter *Marian*.
Mar. Why, what a noyſe of ſwozdes is here?

Fellowes, and fight our bower so neere?
Scath. Mistresse, he is no man of yours,
That fightes so fast with Frier Tucke:
But on my worde he is a man,
As good for strength as any can.
Mar. Indeede hee's more than common men can be,
In his high heart there dwels the bloode of kings.
Goe call my Robin, Scathlock: 'tis Prince Iohn.
Scath. Mistresse I will, I pray part the fray. Exit.
Mar. I pre thee goe, I will doe what I may.
Frier I charge thee holde thy hand.
Fri. Nay ponker, to your tackling stand.
What all amort, wil you not fight?
Ioh. I yeld, vnconquered by thy might:
But by Matildas glorious sight.
Fri. Mistresse, he knowes you: what is hee?
Ioh. Like to amazing wonder she appeares,
And from her eye, flies loue vnto my heart,
Attended by suspicious thoughts and feares,
That numme the vigor of each outward part:
Only my sight hath all sacietie,
And fulnesse of delight, viewing her deitie.
Mar. But I haue no delight in you Prince Iohn.
Fri. Is this Prince Iohn?
Giue me thy hand, thou art a proper man,
And for this mornings worke, by Saints aboue,
Be euer sure of Frier Tucks true loue.
Ioh. Be not offended that I touch thy shrine
Make this hand happie, let it folde in thine.

¶ Enter *Robin Hoode, Fitzwater, Ely, Warman.*

Rob. What sawcie wodman Marian stands so neere?
Ioh. A wodman Robin, that would strike your deere,
With all his heart. Nay neuer looke so strange,
You see this fickle world, is full of change:
Iohn is a ranger, man, compeld to range.

Fitz.

Fitz. You are young, wilde Lord, & wel may trauel bear.
Ioh. What, my olde friende Fitzwater, are you there?
And you Lord *Ely*? and old best betrust?
Then I perceiue that to this geere we must.
A messe of my good friends, which of you foure
Will purchase thanks by yielding to the king,
The bodie of the rash rebellious Iohn?
Will you *Fitzwater*?
Fitz. No Iohn, I dese,
To stain my old hands in thy youthfull bloode.
Ioh. You will Lord *Ely*, I am sure you will.
Ely. Be sure young man, my age means thee no ill.
Iohn. Do you will haue the praise, braue Robin Hood:
The lustie outlawe, Lord of this large wodde,
Hee'l lead a kings sonne, prisoner to a king,
And bid the brother smite the brother deade.
Rob. My purpose you haue much misconstrued:
Prince Iohn, I would not for the wide worlds wealth
Incense his Maiestie: but doe my best,
To mitigate his wrath, if he be mou'd.
Ioh. Will none of you? then here's one I dare say,
That from his childehoode, knowes how to betray:
Warman, will not you helpe to hinder all you may.
War. With what I haue beene, twit me not my Lord.
My olde sins at my soule I doe detest.
Ioh. Then that he came this way, prince Iohn was blest.
Forgiue me *Ely*, pardon mee *Fitzwater*:
And Robin, to thy hands my selfe I yield.
Rob. And as my heart, from hurt I will thee shield.

¶ Enter *Much*, running.

Mu. Maste fly, hide ye mistresse, we al shall be taken.
*Rob.* Why, whats the matter?
Much. The king, the king, & twelue and twenty score (of horses.
Rob. Peace foole, we haue no cause from him to fly,

¶ Enter Scarlet, little Iohn.

Ioh, Scarlet and I were hunting on the plaine.

To vs came royall Richard from his traine
(For a great traine of his is hard at hand)
And queſtiond vs, if we ſeru'd Robin Hoode:
I ſaide wee did: and then his Maieſtie,
Putting this maſſie chaine about my necke,
Said what I ſhame to ſay, but ioyde to heare:
Let Sarlee tell it, it beſits not mee.
Scar. Quoth our good king, thy name is little Iohn,
And thou haſt long time ſeru'd earle Huntington:
Becauſe thou leſt'ſt him not in miſerie,
A hundred markes I giue thee yearelie fee,
And from henceforth, thou ſhalt a ſquier bee.
Much. O Lord what luck had I to runne away?
I ſhould haue bene made a knight, or a lady ſure.
Scar. Goe, ſaid the king, and to your maſter ſay,
Richard is come to call him to the court.
And with his kingly preſence chaſe the clouds
Of griefe and ſorrow, that in miſtie ſhades,
Haue vaild the honour of earle Huntington.
Rob. Now God preſerue him, hye you backe againe,
And guide him, leaſt in by-paths he miſtake.
Much, fetch a richer garment for my father:
Good Frier Tuck, I pre thee rouſe thy wits.
Warman, viſit myne vncle and ſir Doncaſter,
See if they can come forth to grace our ſhowe.
Gods pittie Marian, let your Iinny waite.
Thankes my Lord Chancellor: you are well prepar'd,
And good Prince Iohn, ſince you are all in greene,
Diſdaine not to attend on Robin Hoode:
Frolick I pray, I truſt to doe yee good.
Welcome good vncle, welcome ſir Doncaſter,
Say, will yee ſit, I feare yee cannot ſtand.
Pri. Yes, very well.
Rob. Why, cheerely cheerely then.
The trumpet, ſounds, the king is now at hand:
Lords, yeomen, maids, in decent order ſtand.

The

The trumpets ſound, the while *Robin* places them. Enter firſt, bare-heade, little *Iohn* and *Scarlet*; likewiſe *Cheſter*, and *Leſter*, bearing the ſword and ſcepter; the King follow crowned, clad in green: after him Queene mother, after her *Salſbury* and *Richmond*, *Scarlet* and *Scathlocke* turne to *Robin Hoode*; who with all his cõpany kneele downe and cry.

All. God ſaue King Richard, Lord preſerue your Grace.

King. Thanks all, but chiefely, Huntington, to thee.
Ariſe poore earle, ſtand vp, my late loſt ſonne,
And on thy ſhoulders let me reſt my armes,
That haue bene toyled long with heathen warres:
True piller of my ſtate, right Lord indeede,
Whoſe honour ſhineth in the denne of neede,
I am euen full of ioy, and full of woe;
To ſee thee, glad: but ſad to ſee thee ſo.

Rob. O that I could powre out my ſoule in prayers,
And praiſes for this kingly curteſie,
Doe not, dread Lord, grieue at my lowe eſtate:
Neuer ſo rich, neuer ſo fortunate,
Was Huntington as now himſelfe he findes.
And to approue it, may it pleaſe your Grace,
But to accept ſuch preſents at the hand
Of your poore ſeruant, as he hath prepar'd,
You ſhall perceiue, the Emperour of the Eaſt,
Whom you contended with at Babilon,
Had not ſuch preſents to preſent you with.

King. Art thou ſo rich? ſweet let me ſee thy gifts.

Rob. Firſt take againe this Jewell you had loſt,
Aged Fitzwater, baniſhed by Iohn.

King. A iemme indeede: no Prince hath ſuch a one.
Good, good old man, as welcome vnto mee,
As coole freſh ayre, in heats extreamitie.

Fitz. And I as glad to kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
As the wrackt ſwimmer, when he feeles the land.

Qu. Welcome Fitzwater, I am glad to ſee you.

Fitz. I thanke your Grace: but let me hug these twain,
Lester and Richmond, Christes sworne champions,
That follow'd Richard in his holy warre.
Richm. Noble *Fitzwater*, thanks, & welcome both.
Lest. O God how glad I am to see this Lord!
I cannot speake: but welcome at a worde.
Rob. Next take good *Ely* in your royall hands,
Who fled from death, and most vnciuill bands.
Kin. Robin, thy gifts exceede: Moorton my Chancellour!
In this man giu'st thou holinesse and honour.
*Ely*. Indeede he giues me, and he gaue me life,
Preseruing me from fierce pursuing foes,
When I too blame, had wrought him many woes:
With me he likewise did preserue this seale,
Which I surrender to your maiestie.
Kin. Keepe it good *Ely*, keepe it still for me.
Rob. The next faire Iewell that I will presente
Is richer than both these, yet in the foyle,
My gratious Lord, it hath a foule default:
Which if you pardon, boldly I protest,
It will in value farre exceede the rest.
Ioh. Thats me he meanes, yfaith my turne is next.
He calles me foile, ifaith I feare a foile.
Well, tis a mad Lord this same Huntington.
Rob. Here is Prince Iohn your brother, whose reuolt,
And folly in your absence, let me craue,
With his submission may be buried.
For he is now no more the man he was,
But duetifull in all respects to you.
Kin. Pray God it prooue so. Wel good Huntington,
For thy sake pardon'd is our brother Iohn,
And welcome to vs in all heartie loue.
Rob. This last I giue, as tenants do their lands,
With a surrender, to receiue againe,
The same into their owne possession:
No Marian, but *Fitzwaters* chast Matilda:

The

The precious Jewell that poore Huntington,
Doth in this world, hold as his best esteeme.
Although with one hand I surrender her,
I holde the other, as one looking still,
Richard returnes her: so I hope he will.
Kin. Els God forbid: receiue thy Marian backe,
And neuer may your loue be separate,
But florish fairely to the vtmost date.
Rob. Now please my king to enter Robins bower,
And take such homely welcome as he findes,
It shall be reckened as my happinesse.
Kin. With all my heart: then as combined friends,
Goe we together, here all quarrelles ends. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sir *Iohn Eltam*, and *Skelton*.

S. Ioh. Then Skelton here I see you will conclude.
Skel. And reason good: haue we not held too long?
S. Ioh. No in good sadnesse, I dare gage my life,
Highnesse will accept it very kindly.
But I assure you, he expects withall,
To see the other matters tragicall,
That followe in the processe of the storie,
Wherein are many a sad accident,
Able to make the strictest minde relent:
I needs not name the points, you knowe them all.
From Marians eye shall not one teare be shed?
Skelton, ifaith tis not the fashion.
The King must greene, the Queene must take it ill:
Ely must mourne, aged Fitzwater weepe,
Prince Iohn, the Lords: his yeomen must lament,
And wring their wofull hands, for Robins woe.
Then must the sicke man fainting by degrees,
Speake hollowe words, and yield his Marian,
Thast maid Matilda, to her fathers hands:
And giue her, with king Richards full consent,
His lands, his goods, late seazd on by the Prior,
Now by the Priors treason made the kings.

Skelton, there are a many other things,
That aske long time to tell them lineally:
But ten times longer will the action be.
Skel. Sir Iohn, yfaith I knowe not what to doe:
And I confesse that all you say is true.
Will you doe one thing for me, craue the king
To see two parts: say tis a prettie thing:
I know you can doe much, if you excuse mee,
While Skelton liues, Sir Iohn be bolde to vse mee.
S. Ioh. I will perswade the king: but how can you
Perswade all these beholders to content?
Skel. Stay sir Iohn Eltam; what to them I say,
Deliuer to the king, from mee, I pray.
Well iudging hearers, for a while suspence
Your censures of this Plaies vnfinisht end:
And Skelton promises for this offence,
The second part shall presently be pend:
There shall you see, as late my friend did note,
King Richards reuels at earle Roberts bower,
The purpos'd mirth, and the performed mone,
The death of Robin, and his murderers.
For interest of your stay, this will I adde,
King Richards voyage backe to Austria:
The swift returned tydings of his death,
The manner of his royall funerall.
Then Iohn shall be a lawfull crowned king,
But to Matilda beare vnlawfull loue,
Aged Fitzwaters finall banishment:
His pitious end, of power teares to moue
From marble pillers. The Catastrophe
Shall shewe you faire Matildas Tragedie,
Who (shunning Iohns pursute, became a Nunne,
At Dumwod Abbey, where she constantly
Chose death to saue her spotlesse chastitie.
Take but my word, and if I faile in this,
Then let my paines be baffled with a hisse.

*FINIS.*

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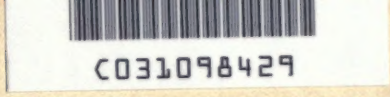
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